

COMMENT OF THE DAY

Arms For Egypt

HAVING come to an agreement with the Egyptians on the evacuation of the Suez Canal base, Britain has taken what appears to be the next logical step towards repairing the badly-frayed relations between the two countries. It has decided to lift the embargo on the sale of arms to Egypt on condition that they are not used for "aggressive purposes". This may be considered very good for Anglo-Egyptian relations for it will be interpreted as a further demonstration of confidence by the British in the young military Government headed by Colonel Abdel Nasser. It is to be hoped this confidence is well-founded. Nasser and his Government may be trusted to abide by their word. But what about the Moslem Brotherhood, whose leaders were recently released from prison and are now once again on the warpath? A Brotherhood leader recently called a Cairo Mosque congregation to oppose the Government with violence. It was only an isolated case but since the Brotherhood is violently opposed to the recently signed agreement for the evacuation of the Suez Base, it is very probable that their members have been actively inciting trouble in other parts of the country. This fanatical organisation wants the immediate evacuation of all foreign troops from Egypt with the guarantee that they will never return. The Brotherhood claims it is concerned only with religious matters but the Suez agreement falls into this category because "it affects the lives of millions of Moslems". What was even more disquieting was the recent report of a rift among high-ranking Egyptian officers over the Suez agreement. It might be tempting for those opposed to the pact signed by Nasser to join forces with the fanatical Moslem leaders and that would be serious. The danger is that in the event of another coup in Egypt, reactionary elements would have no scruples in using British-made arms to wage war against their hated enemy, Israel. That would be a religious matter, too, since most Egyptians agree that Israel's present a permanent threat to the safety of the Moslem states. It was therefore not surprising that the Israeli Premier, Moshe Sharett, protested against the British action so violently this week.

Man Fined For Shouting At Queen Mother

Glasgow, Sept. 3. Robert Baird Wilkie, 41, shouted "Down with the Hanoverian Queen, Scotland for ever" yesterday when the Queen Mother was visiting Provand's Lodging, Glasgow's oldest house, it was stated in court today.

Wilkie, who was fined £2 for endangering the peace, also displayed a poster demanding "Scottish Government now."

The prosecution told the court the crowd reacted to Wilkie's attitude and became hostile to him before he was arrested.—China Mail Special.

RED SPY RING EXPOSED

After NATO, Greek And Balkan Secrets

Athens, Sept. 3. Field Marshal Alexander Papagos, the Greek Prime Minister, tonight announced discovery of "a large spy network of Greek and international Communism operating in Greece against NATO, Greece and its Balkan allies."

The Greek police had disbanded the network, he said. Marshal Papagos said the spy ring used "fantastic subterfuge" and spies were trained in military and political schools in the Soviet Union.

The leader of the spies who entered Greece from an Iron Curtain country was a major-general, Chirilios Floros or Kapetan Yiotis, who had been arrested by the police.

DETAILS LATER

According to usually reliable sources, 40 members of the spy ring were arrested in Athens, Salonika and Larissa.

The spies were in direct communication with Communist countries, it was reported. Details of their operations will be issued by security officials tomorrow, Marshal Papagos announced.—Reuter.

Tennis Upset

Forest Hills, Sept. 3. Hamilton Richardson of the United States beat Lewis Hoad, Australia, 6-4, 7-5, 11-13, 4-6, 6-3 in the quarter final of the United States singles lawn tennis championships here today.

Hoad was the No. 1 overseas seed.—Reuter (See Back Page Other Results)

Four-Hour Gun Battle Fought Off Amoy

Taipei, Sept. 3.

The Nationalist Defence Ministry announced here today Nationalist artillerymen on Quemoy (Kinmen) Island and Communist shore batteries fought a four-hour duel this afternoon. Several thousand rounds of ammunition were fired by both sides.

The announcement said that Communist Chinese batteries opened up a barrage on Quemoy and its sister islet, "Little Quemoy", at 5 p.m. local time.

The Nationalists immediately returned the fire and the gun battle ensued until the Communist batteries were silenced. The Ministry added that casualties included three Nationalists killed and seven wounded.

According to Washington reports the barrage consisted of artillery and mortar fire. The Chinese Communists apparently were firing from neighbouring islands rather than from the mainland itself.

Defence officials said the barrage was "nothing to get excited about."

One official described the barrage as "probably a salute to the Southeast Asian conference" opening in Manila next week.

Ever since the Chinese Nationalists were forced off the mainland in 1949 there have been sporadic artillery duels involving the Nationalist outpost in Quemoy. Quemoy, an island of 70 square miles, is about 15 miles east of the mainland city of Amoy.

Canada's Plan For German Rearmament

Washington, Sept. 3. Canada submitted to the United States today a plan for solving the problem of German rearmament.

The plan involves German membership in the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation and the use of NATO as a framework for controlling the rearmament of Germany and other members.

Authoritative sources said the Canadian Charge d'Affaires here, Mr. George P. de T. Glazebrook, discussed the Canadian proposal at the State Department today.

He urged an early meeting of the Foreign Ministers Council of the North Atlantic powers to consider the situation created by the rejection of EDC by the French National Assembly.

INFORMAL TALKS

It is understood that Canada would prefer to see the problem of West German rearmament dealt with by the North Atlantic Council rather than by the eight-power conference proposed by Britain as a preliminary to the North Atlantic meeting.

The Canadian proposals are only at the informal discussion stage. Under them the controls over German rearmament, which were to have been exercised by the European Defence Community, would be effected through the machinery of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation.

This should go far to meet the objections in the French National Assembly to the supra-national features of the now defunct E.D.C. scheme since the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation is not a supra-national body.—Reuter.

Graham Greene Attacks U.S.A.

Dorval, Quebec, Sept. 3. British novelist Graham Greene today "thanked" United States officials for helping him to publish his views on the "hysterical outlook" of American immigration policy.

Mr. Greene, refused admittance to Puerto Rico on Monday because he did not have a United States visa, flew to Montreal Airport on his way from Havana to London.

Mr. Greene said today: "I was never a serious Communist. I had a little green card showing I was a probationary member. It cost six pence a week. I am afraid the payments lapsed after four weeks."—Reuter.

Sino-Russian Break Predicted

Sydney, Sept. 3.

The U.S. Supreme Court Justice, William Douglas, said tonight Communist China was Russia's greatest potential enemy.

In a lecture here, Mr. Douglas said, "Red China is not a satellite of Russia but a junior partner." He noted that China was much larger in size than Russia.

Mr. Douglas said the Communist weekly striving for independence would ultimately break it apart.

Referring to Britain's position in the Far East, he said, "I don't think the Asians want the British back."—United Press.

Big U.S. Rocket Tests Expected

New Missile Range Announced

Washington, Sept. 3.

The Air Force plans soon to extend its guided missile testing range more than 5,000 miles into the South Atlantic to test its first inter-continental guided missile, it was learned today.

The proposed "target" for the missile—which could be a violation of British-held Ascension Island in the southern Atlantic. The island is 5,000 miles from the Air Force missile launching site at Cape Canaveral in Florida.

Diplomatic informants reported that the United States is now negotiating with Great Britain to establish a missile observation station on Ascension.

The negotiations are viewed as the first positive indications that the United States is making progress in the deeply international race to develop a missile capable of flying across oceans and striking suddenly on the enemy's continent.

EXPERIMENTAL STAGE

Establishment of a 5,000-mile missile test range will not mean that the inter-continental missile is about to become part of the U.S. arsenal of atomic weapons. Rather, the Air Force is entering the "experimental" stage. Missile experts agree it probably will be several years before a truly operational inter-continental missile will be developed.

Probably the first missile to be fired down the 5,000-mile range will be the B-42 "Snark," being developed by the Northrup Aircraft Company. The "Snark" generally resembles in outline the smaller, shorter-range Matador missile which the Air Force has placed into operational use.

As a winged missile, however, the "Snark" is little more than a pilotless bomber, capable of flying in level flight for long distances. It is the forerunner of the inter-continental ballistic missile of the future which will soar into the stratosphere, cross oceans in minutes and come crashing down on its target at speeds of thousands of miles an hour.—United Press.

'No, Tony,' cried Mrs Wheeler

Dramatic Bedside Hearing In Vivian Shooting Case

Devizes, Wiltshire, Sept. 3.

Lord Vivian, 48-year-old showman, spoke for three hours from a hospital bed today about the love and jealousy of a woman accused of shooting him with intent to murder.

He said he was still devoted to Mrs Mavis Wheeler, 40, his alleged mistress and assailant, who was sent for trial at the Wiltshire Assizes at Salisbury on October 5. She pleaded not guilty. Ball was refused.

Once during the hearing in an emergency hospital courtroom, she cried out: "No, Tony," when Lord Vivian described her fits of jealousy.

Later, he said: "I cannot believe now that Mrs Wheeler wanted to kill me."

From a chair only six feet away from him she gasped: "But they say I do... and put me in prison for it, too... all this time."

QUESTENED HER

Court officials questioned Mrs Wheeler, who was accompanied by her son Tristan, by her first marriage to the late Mr Horace de Vere Cole, brother-in-law of wartime Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain. She is the ex-wife of Sir Mortimer Wheeler, famous archaeologist.

Lord Vivian, who had a serious stomach operation after being shot five weeks ago at Mrs Wheeler's weekend cottage at Potterne, near here, was

propped up on a mound of pillows as he gave evidence. Nurses wiped perspiration from his face, gave him orange juice to sip.

His own wife, Lady Vivian, and his son, were also in court to hear him testify about the shooting affray.

CLIMBED IN WINDOW

Lord Vivian described how he and Mrs Wheeler spent an evening in a tavern in the village of Potterne.

At about 10 o'clock they returned to her cottage. She was unable to find the door key so they both climbed through a window, which they forced with a clothes prop.

He left again by the window and went back to the tavern, returning to the cottage with two bottles of stout.

His hands trembled as he told the police prosecutor, Mr William Lewis, that a gun was fired as he was climbing in through the window again.

"I think something went by," he said. "It did not touch me. I think I said something like, 'darling, put that gun down,' I suddenly feared something."

"In Terrible Pain"

"Almost instantaneously there was another bang. I got the pain, a terrible pain, in the pit of my stomach."

There was another shot fired. He felt pain in his wrist.

He said he cried out: "Darling, I am in terrible pain, please call an ambulance." From that moment Mrs Wheeler "could not have done enough."

Lord Vivian added: "I cannot be grateful enough to her."

TERRIFIC HELP

Lord Vivian said he and Mrs Wheeler began living together at her London home at Christmas, 1953. "She was a terrific help to me in every way," he added.

GERMAN TRADE PARTY

Going To Peking

London, Sept. 3.

Peking radio announced tonight that West Germany will soon send an official mission to Peking to promote direct trade between the two countries.

The radio said discussions for a trade agreement began in Geneva during the Asian conference after the Bonn Government had authorised the West German Committee of Industry and Trade to propose to the China Import and Export Corporation the exchange of goods worth 200,000,000 marks (about £17,000,000) each way for 12 months.—Reuter.

This Week's China-Mail Features

Here is a guide to your week-end reading:

On p. 5: Ian Colvin's article, 'The Most Startling Letter Ever Posted' tells the story of how Hitler's V-bomb secret leaked out.

On p. 6: Ernest Lurgarten has written the second of our new series entitled 'Honour At Stake.' It is called 'The Man who Played Cards with the Prince of Wales.'

On p. 7: George Whitting's ring-side story. This week he writes about Jack Dempsey—'Where Are The Stars of the Ring Today?'

On p. 8: There is another story of the Caterpillar Club—'Saved by Instinct.' Also, a Hongkong author who uses the pseudonym 'Scribbler' begins a new series of articles entitled 'Learn to Analyse Handwriting.'

On p. 13: Sir Beverley Baxter discusses that old question of the value of a Public School education.

French Premier To Attend UN Assembly

Paris, Sept. 3. Premier Pierre Mendes-France announced tonight he would go to the United States about September 24 for the opening of the United Nations General Assembly.

Informed sources said that at the same time he would meet American officials on a possible acceptable substitute to the European Defence Community for rearming Germany.

The Premier announced his plan to visit the United States after 'a Cabinet' meeting in which he reshuffled his Ministers because of a walkout by three Cabinet members who protested against his handling of the EDC treaty.—(See Back Page)

"I shall certainly go to New York for the United Nations session," M. Mendes-France told newsmen. "However, I may not be able to be present for the opening of the U.N."—United Press.

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SHOWING TO-DAY

SANTANA PRODUCTIONS presents
BOGART-JONES-LOLLOBRIGIDA



HUSTON'S BEAT THE DEVIL
JOHN HUSTON
MORLEY
PETER LORE
UNDERDOWN
JOHN HUSTON

KING'S

MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 11.30 A.M.
Joan FONTAINE • Orson WELLES in

Charlotte Bronte's **"JANE EYRE"**

A 20th Century-Fox Picture
Admissions: \$1.00 & \$1.50

PRINCESS TO-MORROW

Extra Shows

At 11.00 a.m. RKO-DISNEY Present
VARIETY CARTOONS in Technicolor

At Reduced Admission

At 12.20 p.m.

A Super Indian Musical Drama
"SANGAM"

Starring:—
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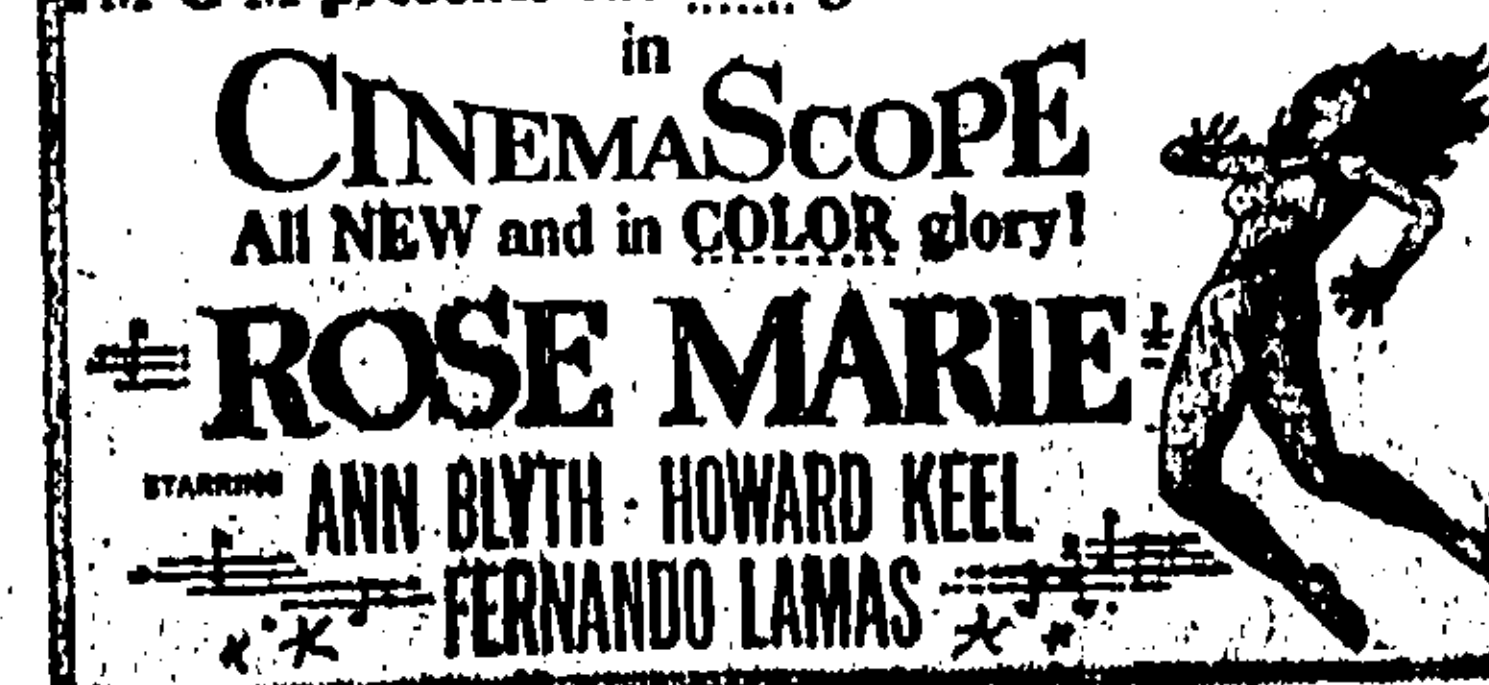
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FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

The LEE and GREAT WORLD are giving us an opportunity of seeing two interesting pictures next week, "Annapurna" and Walt Disney's "Pioneers of the Everglades". Over next week-end "Silver Lode" will be on, and the current film is "War Arrow" which I told you about last week.

At the QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA there's a French picture, "The Rebels of Lomanach" and when it finishes they will be showing "Hamlet", with Laurence Olivier.

The KING'S, PRINCESS and EMPIRE have already started "Beat The Devil" and the next change at the KING'S and PRINCESS will be "The Kidnappers". This is a British picture and it will be followed by Danny Kaye's supremely funny "Knock on Wood".

If "Quo Vadis" continues its success at the CAPITOL and LIBERTY we may not see the re-issue of "Green Dolphin Street" as the management will go straight on with "Rose Marie".

At the HOOVER, "Johnny Guitar" is doing well and when it finally completes its run, "Sabaka" will be shown there, followed by "Make Haste To Live".

20th Century Fox CinemaScope continues at the ROXY and BROADWAY with "Demetrius the Gladiolator" following "Garden of Evil".

"Annapurna" tells of the courageous expedition led by Maurice Herzog in 1951 on the Himalayan peak Annapurna. The print is in Technicolor and the photographs were taken by one of the nine men who comprised the expedition. Of these nine, only two—Herzog and Lachenal—reached the summit.

A mere handful of the earth's mountains are more than 8,000 metres (26,247 feet) in height and in the spring of 1950 none of them had been conquered. The French expedition led by Herzog attacked Annapurna in 1951 and although, as he tells in his narration, which accompanies the picture, it was successful, it was at the cost of several of his fingers which had to be amputated because of frostbite.

Although the journey there was dogged by minor troubles such as a strike of the native porters, it was nothing to the journey back. It was during the return trip that Herzog suffered the dreadful frostbite.

Showing with "Annapurna" is another outdoor documentary, "Pioneers of the Everglades", also in Technicolor, but descends from the heights of the Himalayas to the sea of grass and cypress known as the Everglades.

From the mainland of North America, the Florida peninsula stretches 400 miles south and at its farthest tip lie the Everglades—3,000 square miles of primitive swamp.

I've never grown up sufficiently to be able to shake off the mysterious fascination the name "Everglades" has for me. One gets disillusioned about a great many things, but the feeling of timelessness conveyed in the name is something that, from all I've read about these gloomy swamplands, is as real in this modern age as it was centuries ago.

There are no people in "Pioneers of the Everglades", just birds, beasts, fish and the everlasting Everglades.



Gina Lollobrigida in "Beat The Devil."

"The Rebels of Lomanach" tells the end story of two lovers caught in the web of the fighting between the republicans and aristocrats of France in 1790.

She is Monique, younger daughter of the Marquis of Lomanach, one of the last islands of resistance against the revolutionary general, renowned for his hardness.

Until the death of Lafour, a young refugee aristocrat who was killed while rescuing Monique from the danger of capture by the enemy, she had been a sweet young girl. Suddenly, overnight, she grew to womanhood and the war, which hadn't penetrated her young mind very deeply before, became a very real thing.

Barnaud is actually the son of one of the Lomanach servants, but had been dismissed some time before the action of the story begins. He'd been in love with Monique's flirtatious elder sister Henriette. Very bitter, he dreams of revenge against the Lomanach house and in given command of the attack on this, the last stronghold to hold out against the revolutionaries.

Meanwhile, Monique has gone behind the enemy lines to try to get information about their plans, not knowing that a servant in the Lomanach household has betrayed her to Barnaud. She is caught, but Barnaud now discovers that his thoughts of revenge against the elder sister have turned to feelings of love for the younger, and he saves her.

The two lovers, however, as in many French films, are not allowed a long period of happiness and eventually are only united in death.

AFTER URANIUM

To read the story of "Beat The Devil" you'd think it was the usual type of adventure film—perhaps a little more far fetched than most but with all the stock characters and situations.

In case you've read the story somewhere, let me at once dispossess your mind of this idea. To start with, there's the dialogue. Perhaps it's gone a trifle overboard in some places in order to appear clever and significant, but it's certainly unusual and free from most of the customary clichés.

Then there are the characters themselves. The brief outline of the story merely gives you an adventurous hero, (Bogart) his "wife"—a sultry piece, played by Gina Lollobrigida, a mysterious con-

ventional Englishman and his talkative wife and four double-dyed villains. All are after uranium.

Enlarging the portraits however, we see that our adventurer-hero, far from being the fearless fellow we picture is in reality at the back and call of the four bad boys.

He's the contact man in the shady uranium deal—the location of the ore being somewhere in East Africa.

His wife is the opposite of all we imagine—her ambition is to be a terribly, terribly English (although she's never been there she feels it's her spiritual home) and serve tea and crumpets in a most genteel manner every day to her friends.

Jennifer Jones, with a rather odd "English" accent, is not nearly as dull a girl as one would take her to be. To start off with, she says she's Fey. This teases allows her to tell the most awful whoppers about herself with an air of complete conviction.

She does this very well, incidentally—convincing you that she really believes the story of the moment without the coy glances stars usually give when they're following this routine. And then she throws herself at Humphrey Bogart in a most unladylike manner. To be sure, Lollobrigida falls for Jennifer's husband (Edward Underdown) but not until much later—and only because he's so English—so Jennifer hasn't much excuse. He by the way, is the greatest fraud of the lot—but that's giving away too much.

The group of villains are terribly funny—although perhaps terrifying would be a better adjective. While they're being amusing they're also cold blooded killers and the combination of the two is most sinister. Robert Morley is especially effective—his ebullience a perfect foil to Peter Lorre's dreary pessimism.

There's a lovely scene in which Robert Morley, Humphrey Bogart and a fierce taxi driver take part. Bogart has bought the taxi for the driver in the first place, but when, after a hilarious stop and start ride the taxi disappears over the cliff side, the driver demands compensation from him.

"Beat The Devil" is full of Thurbesque situations like that and although we're left very much in the air at the end of the picture, it's quite consistent with the whimsical quality of the film in general. Much of the action takes place in a lovely town on the mountainside in southern Italy and the photography is wonderful. John Huston directed.

The stars of "The Kidnappers" apparently are two children aged 5 and 8.

I say "apparently" as I haven't yet seen the picture, but I received excellent notices from most of the London newspapers, chiefly for the acting of these two boys. They are the kidnappers of the title.

Sent to their stern grandfather in Nova Scotia when their father is killed in the Boer War, they are denied any of the normal pleasures of childhood, such as toys or a pet dog. Consequently when they find a live baby in the woods they decide to kidnap it and keep it as a pet.

Let me hasten to add, before you start to worry about the fate of the three children, that all ends happily, with the grandfather realising that it's his harshness that's been to blame for everything, and showing signs of a much more human attitude towards everyone.

Duncan Macrae is the old man, Addams Court is his rebellious granddaughter and the two little boys are Jon Whiteley and Vincent Winter.

ELEPHANTS GALORE

India is the background of "Sabaka" and from the pictures I've seen of it, it looks as colourful as the continent itself.

It was filmed in southern India and features a 15-year-old Nino Marcell as Gunga Ram, a young elephant trainer. His sister and her husband have been killed at the orders of the leaders of a religious fire sect, known as Sabaka, and Gunga Ram has sworn vengeance.

There are elephants galore in Sabaka, resplendent with trappings of red and gold (this is another Technicolor production), wild animal fights, meshed dancers and dazzling seems to be the only word to describe it.

In the featured cast I saw three names we all know—seasoned players—Boris Karloff, Victor Jory and Reginald Denny. The producer, writer and director are one man—Frank Ferrin, an ex-radio commentator and this is his first excursion into film making.

NEARER HOME

And now for some news of film making a bit nearer home. Right here in Hongkong in fact. Shooting is going on just now on scenes for Ealing Studio's picture "The Night My Number Came Up".

It's a film subject out of the ordinary, based on a true story more fantastic than anything in the realm of fiction.

The Michael Balcon production, "The Night My Number Came Up" (a rather unwieldy title I think), is adapted from a story written by Air Marshal Sir Victor Goddard on a remarkable experience he had in the Far East after the war.

He describes how on the eve of flight to Tokyo he was named by a naval officer of a series of events connected with the trip which the officer had seen most vividly in a dream. The warning was ignored but every detail predicted in the dream came true; every detail that is, but one!

After the background material has been collected here, further location work will be carried out at an aerodrome in England before studio shooting commences towards the end of this month.

Playing the leading role of the Air Marshal is the Bristol-born star Michael Redgrave. This is promotion for him in his recent "The Sea Shall Not Have Them" he was only an Air Commodore.

With him is Richard Attenborough as a Squadron Leader and Alexander Knox. Attenborough needs no introduction, but it might help in calling Alexander Knox to mind if I remind you that he played the part of President Wilson in the film of that name some years back.

Also in the cast are Sheila Sim (seen here recently in "West Of Zanzibar") and Denholm Elliott.



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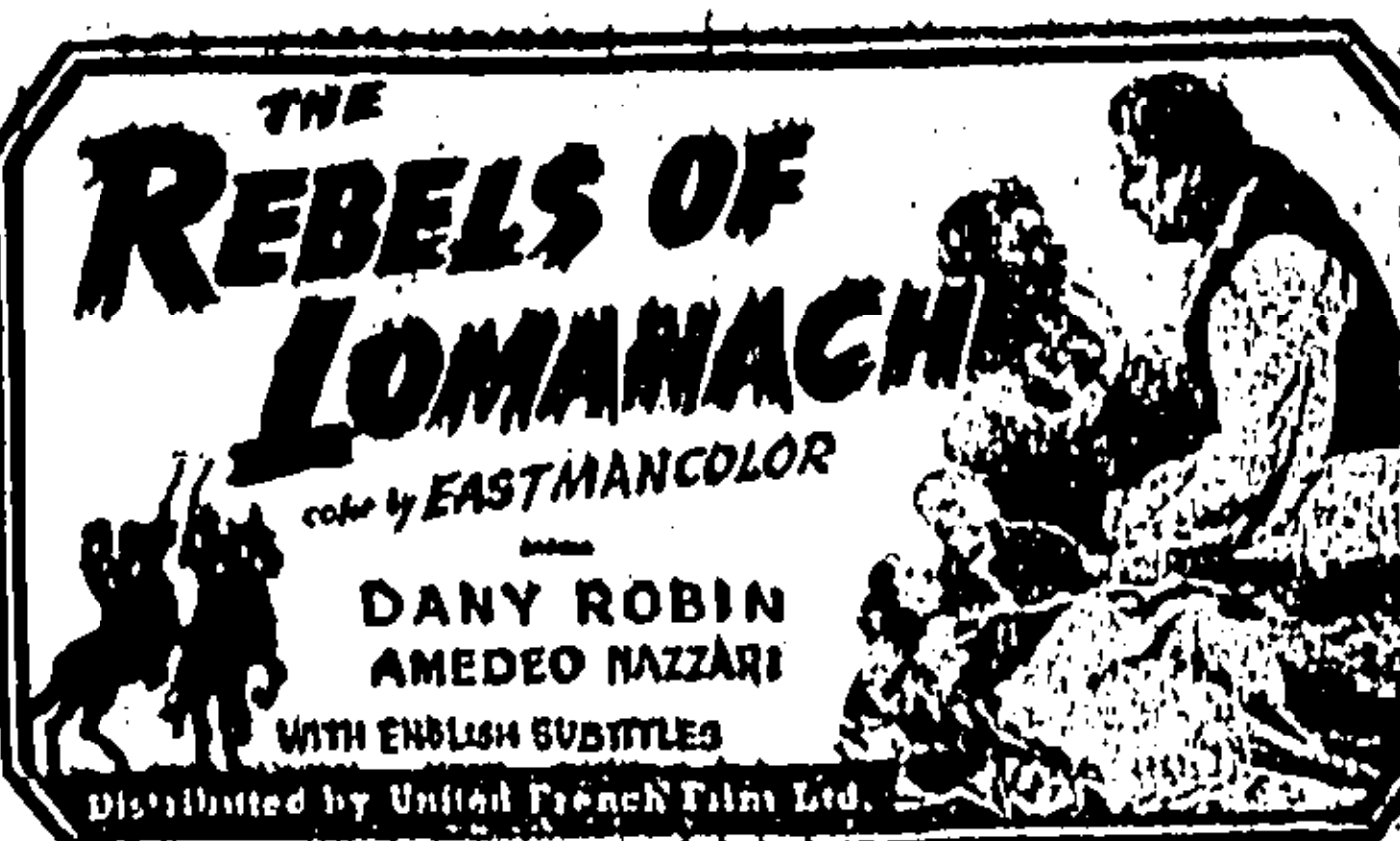
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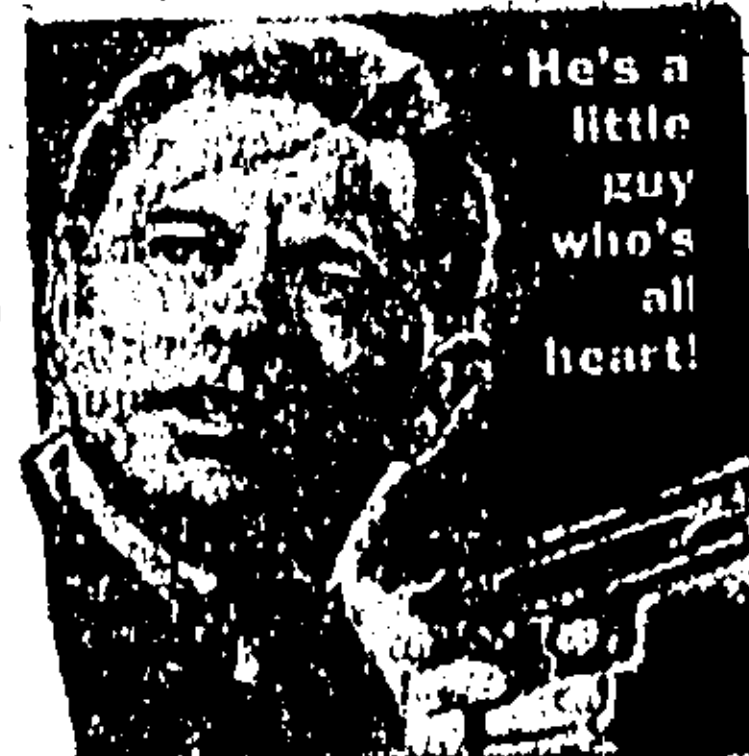
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SHOWING TO-DAY



MORNING SHOW
GREAT WORLD TO-MORROW AT 12.30 P.M.

20th Century-Fox Presents
MIGHTY MOUSE COLOUR CARTOONS

At Reduced Prices: \$1.00 & 70 Cts. Tax Incl.



AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.
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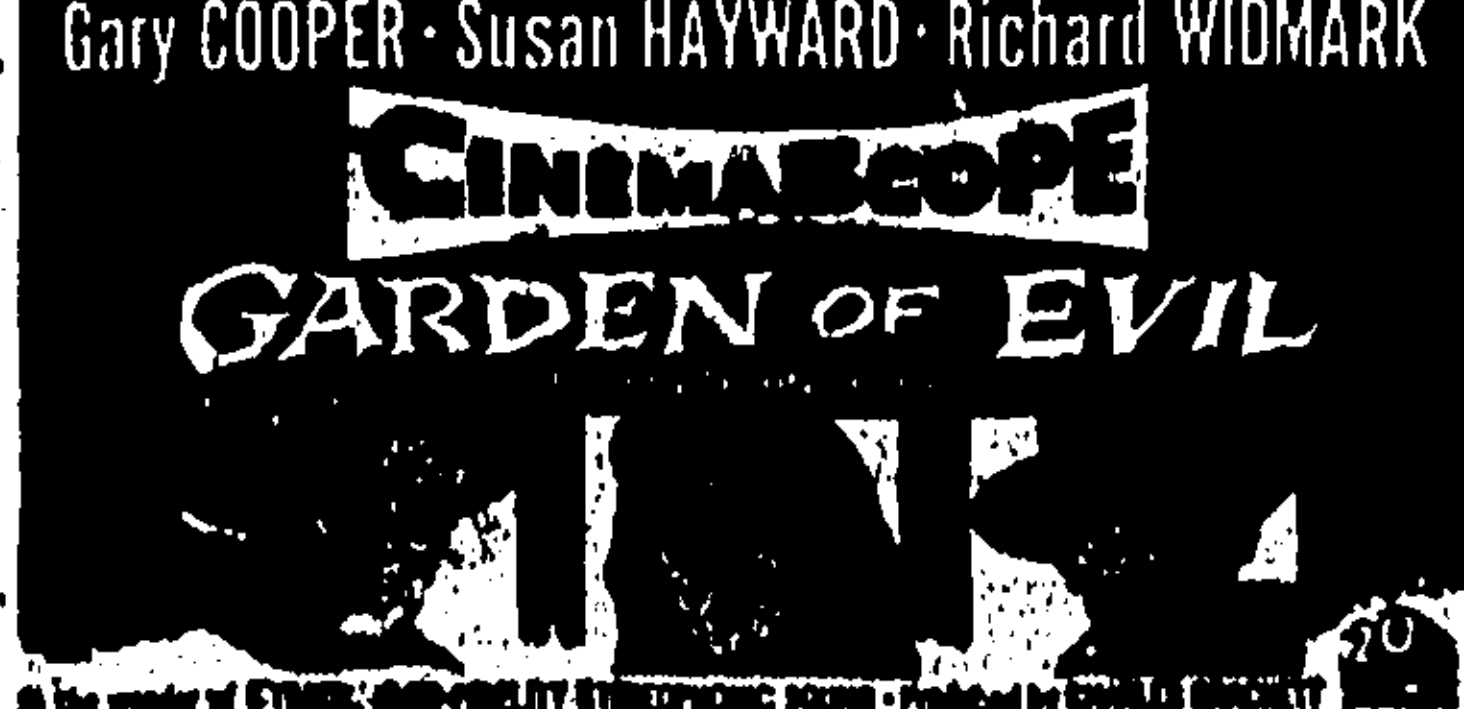
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2nd BIG WEEK!

Owing to length of picture please note change of times:

AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.



ADDED ATTRACTION: CinemaScope Short Subject
"FARWELL SYMPHONY" in Technicolor

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

At 12.00 Noon

ROXY

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A SELECTED PROGRAMME OF TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS Presented by 20th Century-Fox

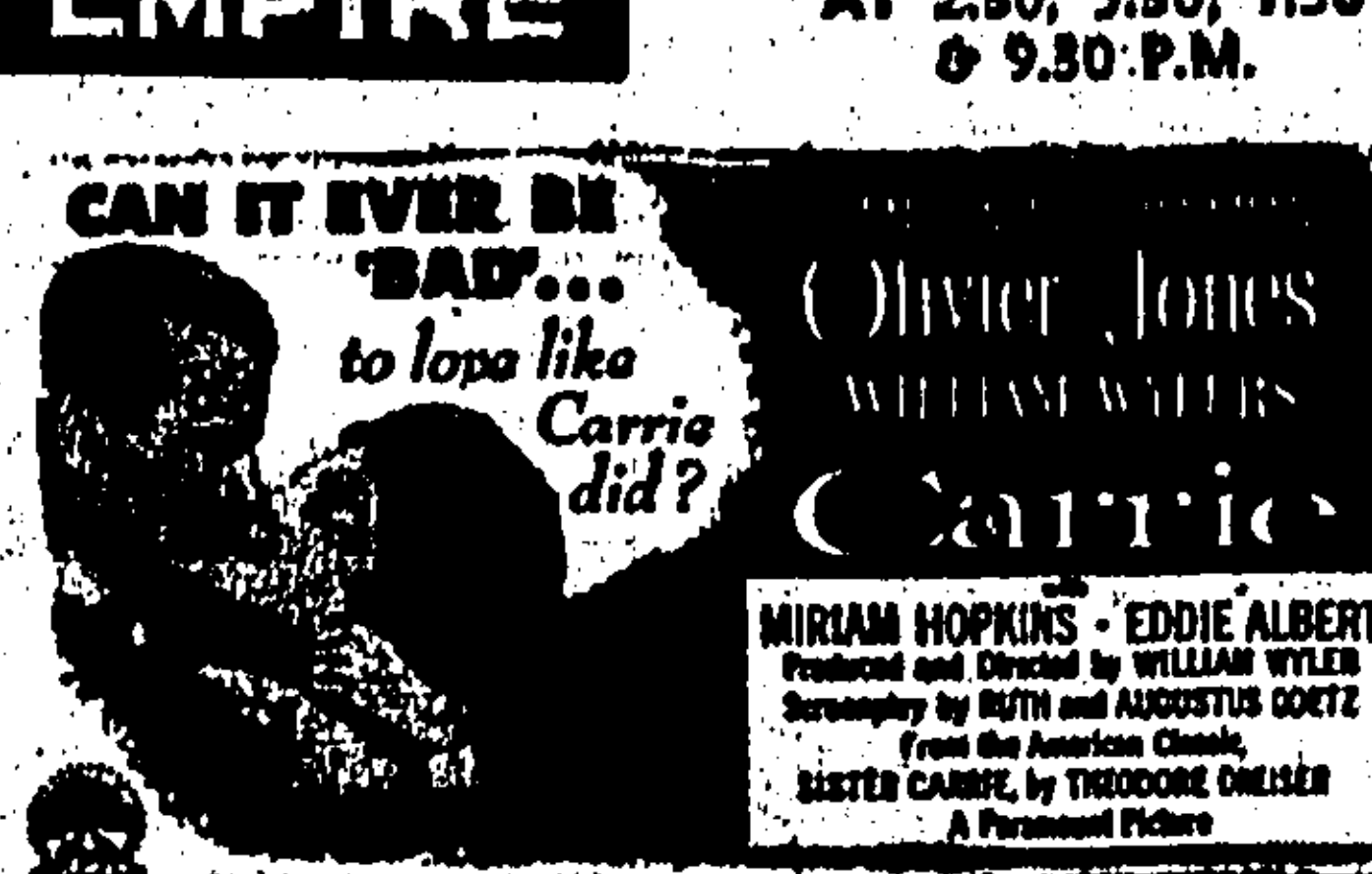
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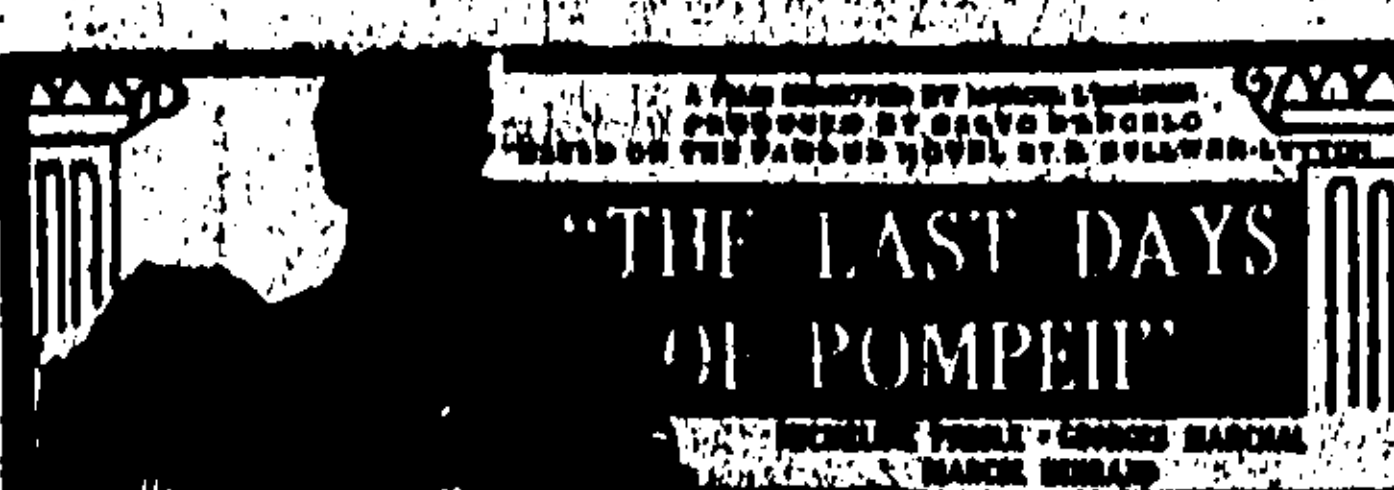
EMPIRE

FINAL TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



COMMENCING TO-MORROW



SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

GREGORY PECK
"THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII"

At Reduced Prices: \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

"East Is East And West Is West..."

But The Twain (In Cooking) Do Meet In Israel

Tel-Aviv.

Oriental immigrants to Israel have achieved a bloodless conquest of this country's kitchens. The Levantine cuisine has come to stay.

Fairy Tales (By Radio)

For Antarctic Pioneers

Stanley, Falkland Islands.

Dance music and fairy tales now crackle across the wastes of Patagonia and the ice floes of Antarctica to whaling ships and other vessels rounding the horn.

Port Stanley, Radio station, the world's most southerly station, the week after the first month's operation of the new 5,000 watt transmitter.

The station manager estimates its programmes are heard far to the south of the isolated island of South Georgia to the West on the coast of Patagonia, and South almost as far as it is possible to go without starting North again.

Locals men in isolated stations, herders on Patagonian plateaux, whalers, having the cushioning of the Antarctic and the sparse population of the Falklands make up its scattered audience.

FAIRY TALES & MUSIC

A local station first began operations in the 1920's and its range was extended to cover the Falklands, then later, late in World War II, but the next morning, for the first time, the station's radio beams, reaching out into the air and reaching the South Atlantic and Antarctica.

The programmes include just what lonely men want to hear. A children's fairy-tale session, classical and popular music, the weather forecasts (which can mean the difference between life and death). There's just enough local news to make up a programme for a week. The arrival of the mail steamer from Montevideo is a big enough event for "this" quiescent broadcast. The listeners love it all. —United Press.

MAJESTIC
AIR CONDITIONED

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30
& 9.30 P.M.



LAUGHING ANNE
TECHNICOLOR

WENDY MARGARET FORREST RONALD COREY LOCKWOOD TUCKER SHIRLEY

TO-MORROW MORNING
SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.
Randolph SCOTT in
"Hangman's Knot"

in Technicolor
AT REDUCED PRICES

Street eaters are getting perturbed. In the last few months scores of large Oriental restaurants opened to wait the delectable scent of grilling shishlik and the chopped herbs which transform salad—or tea—into All Baba delights.

Throughout the day all these cafes hum with business and high-pitched Arab jazz. Their neighbours sell sausage and mashed potatoes to a mere handful of customers. Soon they will follow the example of many colleagues in the trade and engage a cook from Egypt or Persia, who knows the secret of making good food.

On every other street corner and next to ice cream kiosks, you can find the Levantine version of a hamburger. Instead of a roll, a disc of Pitta split open like a bag inside, with fried rissoles made from hummus bean. The hot rissoles are wedged in with chunks of pickle and then doused with a sauce of red peppers.

Tongue-Burning Sauce

Novices in the art of eating falafel should beware of the sauce. It's fierce enough to burn your tongue. This sidewalk snack takes its name from pepper, in the Eastern version, is luscious.

As all the cooking operations take place on the pavement, people not yet inured to an Eastern diet must wait until they're accomplished, before tasting "falafel".

Israel has been for six years almost a vegetarian country. Meat rations of one wretched frozen slice were doled out on holidays. Food controls have lately slackened to a great degree, replacing the subsidised cheap ration by expensive un-compensated menus.

But locals still hunt in vain for a thick T-bone steak. Restaurant meat is imported, home-made heads being scarce and young.

A Yard Of Steak

Oriental chefs feel frustrated if they can't have one yard of steak in front of their charcoal braziers. What is rice without mutton, stewed egg plant without Kabab?

And as for Kabab, consisting of minced meat, its one could swear whether beef or camel goes into the baking.

In opposition to the lovers of Levantine pepper, a strong faction upholds the vegetarian regime which held sway until mass immigration from North Africa and Asia came, taster and conqueror.

This faction draws its fervent allies from settlements of firm European background. They eat sour cream, cottage cheese, pickled herring and fried carp.

And Sour Cream

Even more widespread than Oriental cafes are the Truva dairy cafes which put out a uniform menu drawn from local produce.

When rationing was at its strictest and food supplies at their gloomiest, the nation lived chiefly on a type of sour cream called "leban" or yogurt.

Medical opinion in Israel appears divided on the merits of Truva-style food or peppery oriental dishes in a hot climate. Each group swears by its cuisine. The Russian-born farmers will go on drinking cold borsch with butter-milk, and the Iraqi newcomers will train them how to appreciate tahina salad and spiced yogurt. But most people believe that a bit of orient and a bit of occident make ends meet. —United Press.

Armless Man Charged With Forgery

Chicago.

An armless man was held on a forgery charge, Clifford Blount, 51, who writes with a hook on the stub of his right arm, was arrested on an indictment charging that he forged and cashed four Government tax refund checks.

Blount, who has a candy and cigarette stand, also helps customers with their income tax returns. The Government charges he forged and cashed checks totalling \$3,033 sent to him for his clients. —United Press.

Greta Garbo's New Line

Hollywood, California.

Greta Garbo returned home to Hollywood from a year's stay in Europe but said emphatically she is "through with acting and motion pictures."

The lanky ex-actress, who sailed off a plane at International Airport, was unusually congenial to news reporters, to whom she has given a curt brush-off for a quarter of a century.

"I am very tired," she said in a soft voice, "but I'm glad to be home."

Although her attitude had changed, Miss Garbo appeared the same—bobbed hair in disarray, tint, beaded cheeks and little regard for fashion in her clothes. When a reporter asked, "are you in love—are you going to be married?" she turned her famous profile and said: "Please—I do not want to talk about that. I'm so tired—so very tired." —United Press.

The Man Who Buys Vintage Cars—Only!

Montreal.

Richard Greenhill of Montreal wouldn't thank you for the latest in automobiles—but give him a broken down car that has seen better days and he turns cartwheels.

For Richard Greenhill has been bitten by a strange bug. He, along with a good number of Canadians, has a mania for collecting the old-fashioned type automobile—and he has quite a collection.

Today most of the cars, all re-vamped, can be found at the Dusters and Goggles Club in Pointe Claire near Montreal, while others are at the Casa Loma in Toronto. It makes for the largest collection of auto relics found anywhere in the country.

President of the Dusters and Goggles Club, Greenhill and members planned to open the Pointe Claire Club as a museum shortly. Helping him in this plan are old-time car enthusiasts H. G. West and Gordon Smith, both directors of the club.

Right now the trio and other club members were busy getting their cars ready for the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto. There are 40 cars in all representing about \$300,000.

The cars, dating back to just after the turn of the century, will show the progress that has been made in the automobile industry.

The collection represents a good many hours of work. First comes the tracking down of old cars, then the more difficult part of re-assembling them so that they are not merely a collector's item, but run as well.

Biggest problem is getting suitable tyres, but the men have solved this with the help of a tyre manufacturer.

The club is especially proud of a collection of early Canadian-built cars. Included is a 1905 Ford "C", a 1907 MacIntyre-Tudhope, 1925 Brook Steamer, 1914 Russell-Knight and a 1918 Gray Dori.

The names now are obsolete and the cars harder and harder to find, but members, bent on expanding their collection, keep tracking down even the slightest clues.

Collectors of vintage cars in Canada exchange parts or models as do persons with other hobbies. They try, however, to keep car swapping within the reach of Canadians and Americans with a genuine enthusiasm for collecting old cars.

The members of the Pointe Claire Club say they also have a little fun with their cars, outside of the sheer pleasure of collecting them.

They like the startled looks when, in a 1902 Orient, Buck Board, they "chug" past an astonished passer-by, chewing behind the slick, chrome-laden automobile of today. —United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"If I'm drafted it'll be okay. Dad—then I'll have the nerve to mail all those letters I've been writing to Louise!"

American Styles For 1955

New Watch With A Built-in Roulette Wheel!

New York.

Time keeps going by in the same old way, but each year the jewellers think up new ways of watching it go.

This year there are watches with no hands and no faces, watches built for forgotten wheels, and watches that come immersed in water just to prove they are waterproof.

On display at the 49th Annual Convention of the American National Retail Jewellers Association there is a model of a wrist-watch so different that it isn't even a watch. It's a wrist radio.

This tiny thing is powered by one transistor. That is, it would be a working model ever actually were built. The probability is that this "talking" watch won't be built because it would make it workable to need a network of radio stations doing nothing but broadcasting voice time signals.

Faceless Watches

The idea is that you would raise it to your ear whenever you wanted the time. They say it would work fine.

The same company has projected models of faceless, handless wrist-watches in which the hour and minute numbers appear in narrow slots. In fact, made they flip up like the numbers of a speedometer mileage indicator. In another they're on rotating disks and you get the hours and minutes as they turn into two tiny windows.

The watchmakers of Switzerland have in production, among other new things in the exhibit, the world's smallest watch. It's a lady's wrist-watch. Its face and movements are the size of a match head. Surprisingly enough you can tell time by it with the naked eye, if you're not blinded by the price tag (\$1,395).

Shockproof Watches

The Swiss also are making a blackface watch with white numerals designed for the Navy's frogmen and others who work in water. They say it's available only to the military. It's waterproof and built to stand the

shock of a depth charge. Thus, its ticker might keep going after its wearer's had stopped. Its outside rim can turn and it

Granny (86) Still Likes Her Holiday

Fort William, Ontario.

At 81, anxious relatives thought Granny McCollum would kill herself if she insisted on her annual summer expedition but at 86 she is still doing it and nobody's stopping her.

Mrs McCollum made one concession to age this year, she took a plane from Fort William to her summer retreat at Silver Lake, 30 miles north-east of the city. Every other year she has hiked along a foot-path carrying a 50-lb pack, fishing rods and the inevitable feminine handbag.

Granny's destination is a three-room log cabin on Silver Lake built by her late husband, Mr. R. T. McCollum. There she spends the summer alone for at least six weeks, hunting, fishing and cooking. She is an expert at all three and has no trouble living alone.

SMOKES HEAVILY

She is even inclined to scoff at the white flag given her to attract the attention of the half-dozen people on the lake if anything goes wrong.

She flies to her cabin in July or August and is taken out again in autumn. In the interim she scrubs her clothes on an old-fashioned wooden washboard, chops and does her own chores.

Mrs McCollum admits to one modern fault. She smokes like a chimney although she never takes a drink except a glass of cold beer on the trail. —United Press.

New Device To Save Head Bumps

Detroit.

A new gadget designed to keep people from cracking their heads on automobile dashboards and killing themselves has been invented by two men.

The impact of head on dashboard has long been a leading cause of car deaths.

The inventors are Peter Krous, an automobile repairman from Cheektowaga, N.Y., and Roger R. Racine, a Hamburg, New York salesman.

Their device, which they believe would cost about \$50, is a scissor-type assembly under a car seat. When a knob on the front of the car is hit in a collision, it sets a hydraulic piston in action and the "scissors" opens.

This lifts back the seat, throwing the rider's feet up and head back to keep him from lurching into the dashboard. —United Press.

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BABY POWDER
SOOTHING.....
COMFORTING!

CONTAINS THANIUM AGAINST DIAPER RASH!

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CINEMA SCOPE
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CLINTON WIER
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5 Showings To-morrow: 12.30—2.30—5.30—7.30 & 9.30
"THREE COINS IN THE FOUNTAIN"

COMING TO THE

KING'S PRINCESS EMPIRE

IT'S DANNY'S FUNNIEST COMEDY-MUSICAL!
DANNY KAYE
KNOCK ON WOOD
Color by TECHNICOLOR
MAI ZETTERLING
Company by Richard Hill and John H. W. Fine. Screen Play by SYLVIA FINE. Music by MELVIN FRANK. A Paramount Picture.



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10TH DAY! STILL GOING STRONG!



JOAN CRAWFORD
as the woman who loves
"JOHNNY GUITAR"
HERBERT J. YATES presents
MURDER MYSTERY
HAYDON - MCCAMBRIDGE - BRADY
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SPECIAL SUNDAY MORNING MATINEE AT 12
"THE ROSE OF BAGHDAD" A Color Cartoon
Reduced Adm. Prices: \$1.00 and \$1.50



M. Mendes-Franco, the French Premier, who recently flew to England to confer with Sir Winston Churchill on the European Defence Community, says goodbye to Britain's Prime Minister at Chartwell before returning home. On the left is the Foreign Secretary, Mr Anthony Eden. (Express)



A gala performance was held at the Festival Hall, London, to mark the 25th anniversary of the death of Serge Diaghileff, the ballet impresario. It was called "Homage to Diaghileff," and four of his old ballets were produced. Seen here during the interval are (left to right) Doris Barry, Mme Karsavina and Alicia Markova. (Express)



PETER and Roy Mobbs, 20-year-old identical twins from Kettering, Northants, pictured at Wilmslow RAF training camp, where they are entering upon their National Service. The two have been awarded a joint certificate as the best recruits. (Express)



NINE hundred Cypriots, among them these girls, marched through London's West End last week chanting "Enosis" (Union with Greece). They marched from a meeting in Fitzroy Square to the Cenotaph, where a wreath was laid, then to the Colonial Office, where they presented a resolution. (Express)

• HOMESIDE PICTORIAL •



THIS notice outside a Liverpool cinema is the answer to the annoyance caused by gangs of "Teddy Boys" who used to visit the theatre, shout at the girls and make themselves unpleasant to other patrons. Business has improved, said the manager. (Express)



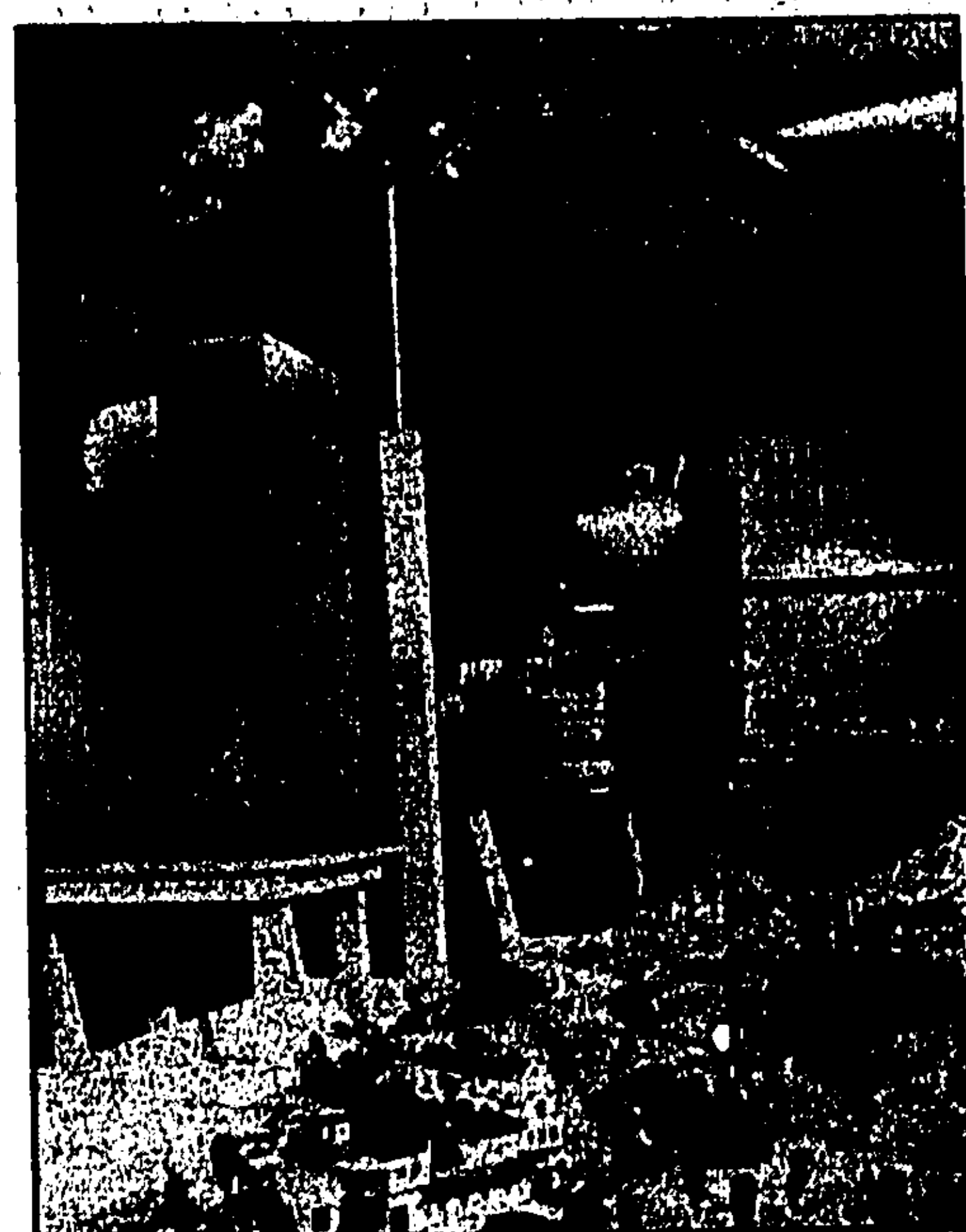
DR Mervyn Pembrey, of the Cambridgeshire village of Great Shelford, and his wife have announced the completion of the "Pembrey Family Plan" after the birth of their tenth child. The eldest, Maureen, is now fourteen. (Express)



PICTURED here turning the music sheets for his sister, Jennifer, aged 12, is nine-year-old James Henenge, of Lincolnshire, who has just inherited four villages, an Elizabethan mansion and estate worth £350,000 from a distant cousin, Lord Henenge.



DR F. T. Cheng, former Chinese Nationalist Ambassador to London, chats with the Nepalese Ambassador at a party given by the Korean Minister to mark the sixth anniversary of Korean independence. Some of Dr Cheng's family are in Hongkong, and he has many friends here. (Express)

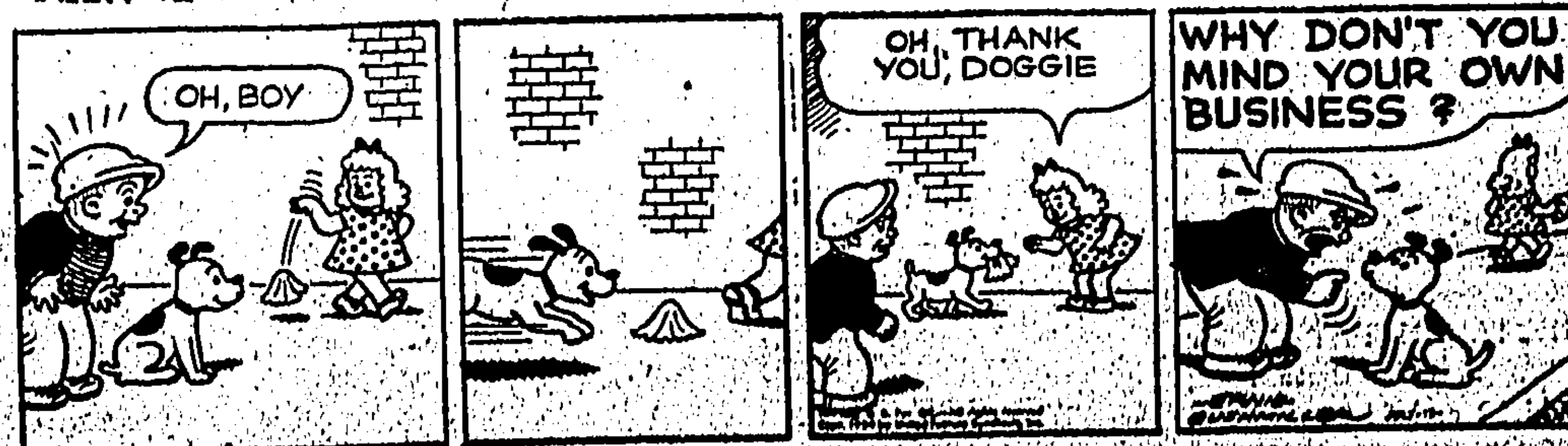


MAIN feature of the Army exhibit at the National Radio Show in London was the televising of a tank attack in miniature. It shows a glimpse into the future, when commanders, miles from the actual scene, will be able to watch on a screen the progress of an operation while it is going on. In actual warfare, the camera would be carried in a helicopter. (Army News)



THE Chinese opera singer, Miss Lian Shin Yang, as she appeared on the first night of the new play, "In A Cool Place," in London. She wore a mandarin coat over traditional national dress in a darker brocade. (Express)

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

DAIRY
BROX
CHOCOLATES

Paris Newsletter
From Sam WhiteRIVIERA
IS NOW
CRAMMED

FIFTY cars a minute are flitting along the winding Riviera road between Cannes and Monte Carlo. The Riviera has never been so crammed as it is now.

Visitors who have not made an earlier booking are paying as much as £4 a night for a room without running water in a modest boarding-house.

Villa-owners on the coast have firmly retreated to the confines of their private grounds to escape from the invasion. Author Jean Cocteau, who has a villa at Cap Ferrat, has taken refuge on his sloop because the place is overrun with holidaymakers.

There is a considerable invasion of Germans who are spending the month of August in the bathing costumes of last four years out of date. The women almost invariably wear the briefest of bikinis which the French are delighted to note are now so much out of fashion as to constitute the worst possible taste.

Paris, by contrast, has a village serenity about it, and here are few tourists to replace more than two million Parisians who are on holiday.

It is in fact, the worst summer season that Paris has ever experienced since the war. This is due to three factors: (1) bad weather, (2) Paris's reputation for high prices, which has tempted tourists to bypass the city, (3) memories of last year's chaotic August railway strikes.

QUOTES

FORMER Foreign Minister Bidault: "It remains to be seen whether M. Mendes-France is a Disraeli or a Kerenky."

An MP on hearing the news that sacked Paris police chief M. Baylet had been offered the post of Ambassador in Copenhagen: "There must be some thing rotten in the State of Denmark."

The London correspondent of a Paris newspaper writes: "In England, the Englishman is welcoming, gay, always ready to show kindness to a foreigner. In Paris, he is often standoffish and either keeps his distance or manifests his displeasure in a noisy or disorderly way."

WOOLLEY WEEPS

I MET actor Monty Woolley and found him almost weeping into his champagne. He arrived in Paris three days ago on his first visit here for 10 years. He now finds he knows nobody here.

An old friend whom he misses particularly is the late Lord Norwich, with whom he used to play chess. Now the man whose most famous role was in the film and stage success, "The Man Who Came to Dinner," finds that he has dined alone every night since he has been here.

SPECIFICATION

ADVERTISEMENT in a Paris newspaper: "Flat Wanted. Must be big enough so that my wife does not feel obliged to live with her mother, and small enough so that my mother-in-law does not feel tempted to live with her daughter."

FAME

A LETTER addressed, M. George Bidault, Quai d'Orsay (French Foreign Office) has been returned marked "Unknown. Return to sender."

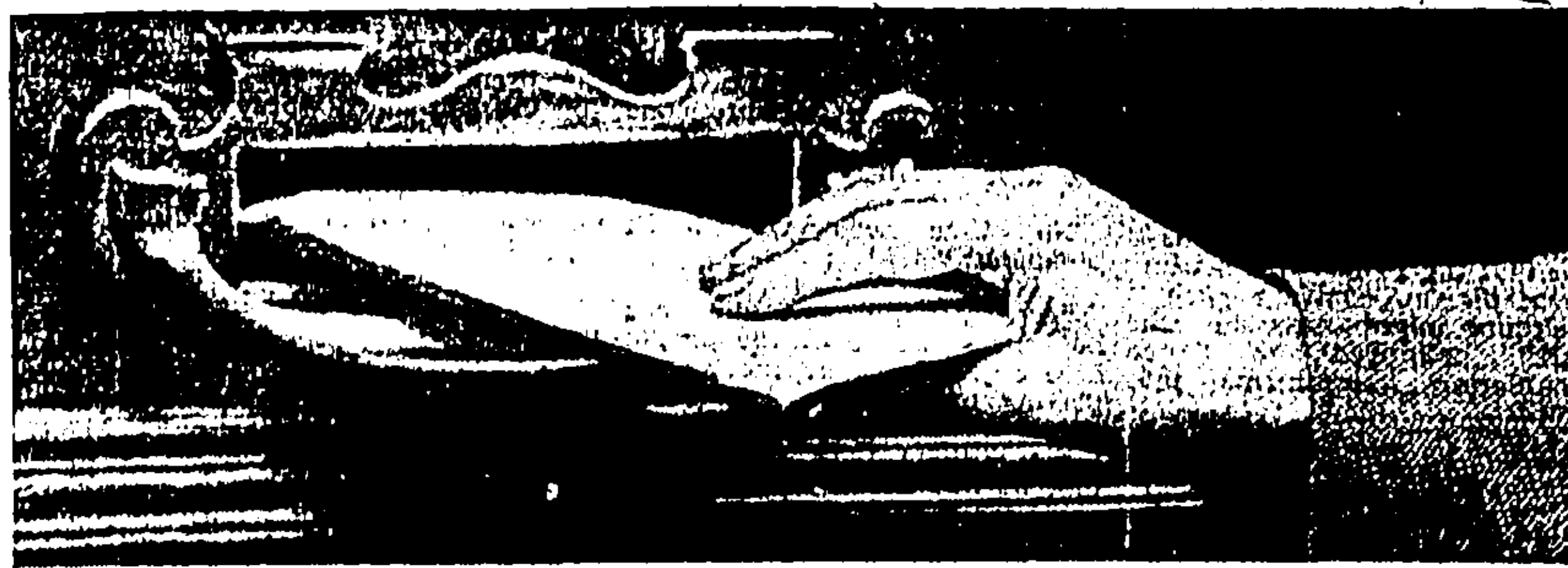


"But Martha—you don't think I'm going to spend the whole damn week listening to quartets, do you?"

London Express Service

IAN COLVIN

goes to Aberdeen to bring to light a story hidden for fifteen years

THE MOST STARTLING
LETTER EVER
POSTED

FROM a quiet professor who works in the University here I have just heard the amazing story of the most mysterious and valuable letter ever posted.

At the cost of a 4d. stamp it gave information worth millions to British Intelligence. And it has remained the unsolved mystery of the war.

The man who talked to me about it was Professor R. V. Jones, who during the war headed our Scientific Intelligence Service and briefed Churchill on Hitler's secret weapons.

What gave me the first clue? I discovered a reference to this letter in a lecture given to the Royal United Service Institution and printed in its journal. The name of the lecturer—R. V. Jones.

Then I found Professor Jones lecturing on physics at Aberdeen University. He told me more about this extraordinary story of chance and search than I did so much to win the war.

But for the fact that a disgruntled German scientist was listening to B.B.C. broadcasts in Germany, but for the fact that he painstakingly typed out everything that he knew or had seen about Hitler's secret weapons; but for the fact that he posted this topmost secret information to the British Assistant Naval Attaché in Oslo

In October 1939 the damage done to Britain by Hitler's bombers, flying bombs, and rockets would have been doubled or trebled.

For the "Oslo Report" as it came to be known to the British Secret Service, gave us an exact description of two different systems of German radar at a time when it was firmly believed in Whitehall that the Germans possessed no radar at all.

It gave us the data on which Hitler's Y-apparatus for night bombing would operate two years later.

It named an entirely unknown experimental station called Peenemünde and described large rockets (V-2) and rocket-driven glider bombs being built there.

FIRST CLUE

And thus gave us the first clue which led to the massive raid on Peenemünde just 11 years ago last week.

It gave besides so much technical information that the older men in the British Secret Service were inclined to dismiss it as an ingenious "plant."

Who was the author of this million-dollar document? We never paid a penny for it, because we never found him.

This nameless pen friend who got in touch with Rear-Admiral H. Boyes, then our assistant naval attaché in Oslo, was careful to cover his tracks.

To test whether his first letter got there safely, he asked for a slight alteration to be made in the B.B.C. German programme to sign on a certain date. The call sign was altered. Then the report reached Admiral Boyes through the post.

That was in October 1939. In November it was being intensely studied in London by Dr. Jones, who had become Deputy Director of Intelligence Research at the Air Ministry.

Winston Churchill grasped the importance of this data, and the importance of Dr. Jones, when the "youngish man" first reported to him on German bombing plans in June 1940.

SNAPPED UP

In "The Wizard War" Churchill tells how "by good fortune and the genius and devotion of all concerned, we had devised the exact method of working the Y (bombing) apparatus and on the very first night when the Germans committed themselves to the Y apparatus, our own counter-measures came into action."

But this was only one success that had its origins in the Oslo Report. Professor Jones went from strength to strength, consulting it together with many other sources, and applying a scientific mind with an uncanny flair for intelligence.

Four years after the Oslo Report, Jones was still arguing in the British Cabinet as to whether the

munde was not just a huge decoy dummy. Jones stuck to his views and won.

The raid took place. Major-General Walther Dornberger, Commandant of Peenemünde, has written the story of that devastating raid from the receding end. It killed his chief designer, destroyed his blueprints, delayed his V-bomb timetable by months.

In his book "V-2" he also mentions curiously the "anonymous but detailed" Oslo Report.

Last week General Dornberger too was wondering who wrote it.

During the war Jones went up to Aberdeen to look at a captured night-fighter. Aberdeen marked him then as a man in a million and snapped him up after the war. Of all the bargains ever made by Aberdeen, Jones was the best.

But there is a disarming end to his story. I have not heard the appalling facts from him on Deeside. Friends in London have told me how the Government has wasted the talents of our most brilliant Scientific Intelligence man.

Jones ventured to evolve the theory after the war that Scientific Intelligence would in the future be just as important as military, naval, or air intelligence, and so deserved equal status with them.

"A failure of Scientific Intelligence to detect the development of a new hostile weapon in time might well result in national disaster," he argued in 1947. This strides made in weapons since then bear out that view.

OBSTRUCTION

Jones pleaded for a fourth arm of intelligence to deal with science. A cautious start was made by the Socialist Government in the Defence Ministry.

But Scientific Intelligence found itself hampered by the jealousy of existing spy outfits. The first Director of Scientific Intelligence, Sir David Brunst, resigned with a bitter taste of obstruction. He cannot trust himself even today to speak of that frustrating period. A second director followed—and went too.

Meanwhile Winston Churchill had returned to power, and he could think of no better man to fill the vacant directorate than Jones of the Wizard War.

At this behest Professor Jones left Aberdeen University in 1952 and took up again the work that he had done so brilliantly before. But he too found the Scientific Intelligence Branch hemmed in and reduced to subordinate duties. It was becoming staffed with ordinary civil servants with a bent for inaction.

So Jones resigned. And Earl Alexander accepted his resignation. Sir Winston was scandalized when he heard about it. The post has since remained vacant during eight months. It is my serious fear that eventually a yes-man will be found to fill it.

A senior official of the Ministry of Defence, who is

"First-class men like him are wasted here in peacetime. They will come back to us when a war starts."

But in the last war there was a God-sent eight-month period of phony war, time in which the wartime intake of university professors could elbow the incompetents aside.

Time in which the friendly German could write his Oslo Report.

The Cabinet realises that in any future war there will be no phony lull. So there is a move now to bring Professor Jones back to grapple with these tremendous problems. But it will hardly succeed unless Sir Winston Churchill intervenes personally.

No other watch has these
"talking points"

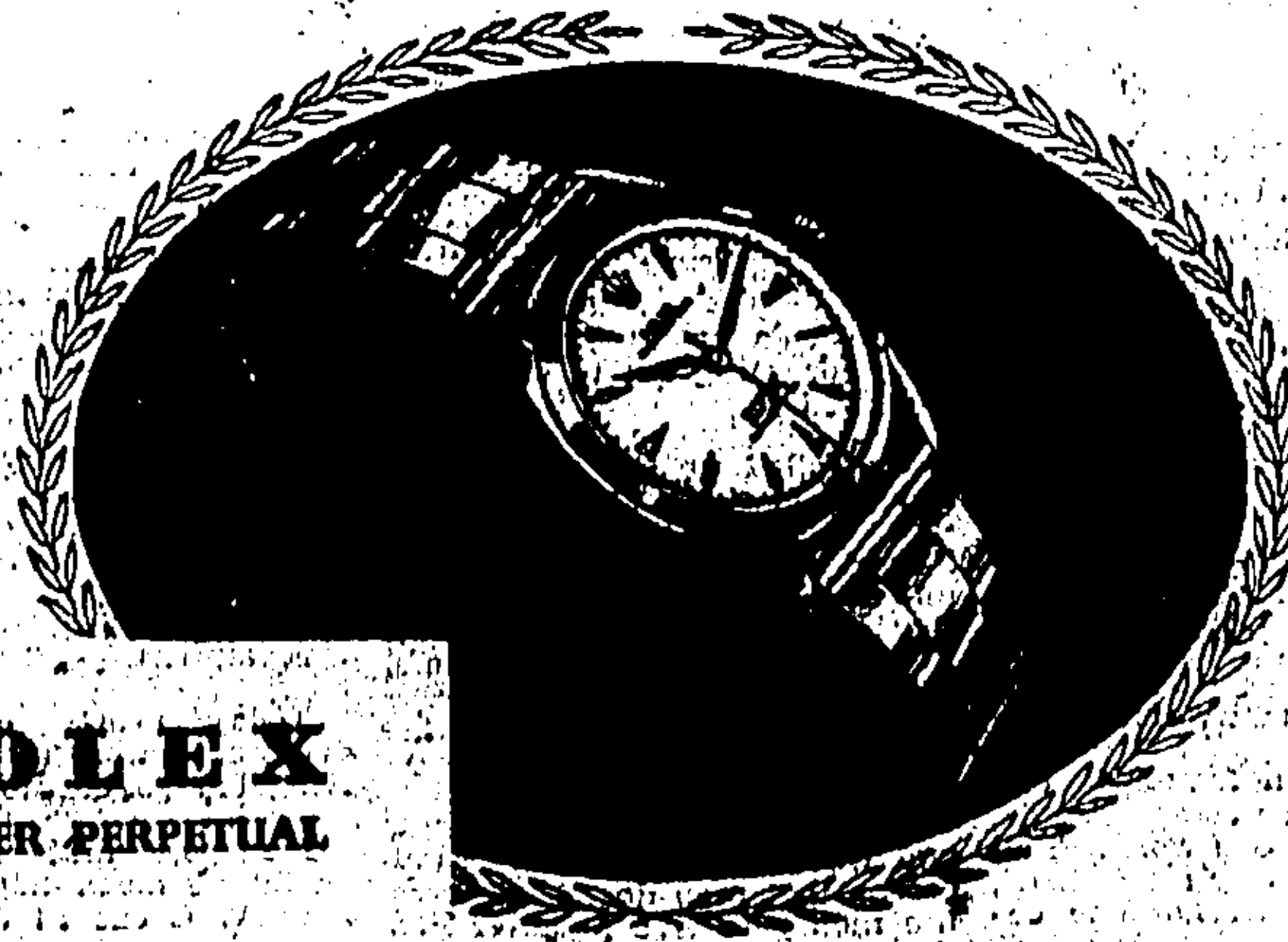
THE waterproof, self-winding wrist-watch only came into being through two great advances, both made by Rolex of Geneva. The first was the development of the famous Oyster case that permanently safeguards the movement from dust, damp or water.

The second was the evolution of the Rolex Perpetual "rotor" mechanism that keeps the watch automatically wound. Not only does this save the trouble of winding; it also ensures an even tension on the mainspring and gives the movement a constant accuracy unattainable in a hand-wound watch.

These are two talking points that no other watch

can provide. They are powerful and compelling. Well presented, they will convince any man who wants a really good watch that a Rolex Oyster Perpetual is what he is looking for.

Rolex advertising and promotion has been telling the story of these Rolex inventions for several years. They are dramatically illustrated by the famous Rolex testimonials appearing in current advertising. Rolex display material carries the story through into the shop. The Rolex Oyster Perpetual is the best prospective seller among the more expensive watches.



ROLEX
OYSTER PERPETUAL

TWO TRIUMPHS BEHIND A TRIUMPH



In 1926, Rolex introduced the Oyster case, the first waterproof wrist-watch, thus making it possible to wear a watch in any conditions of weather and water.



Just introduced in 1927, the Rolex Perpetual rotor mechanism, which automatically winds the watch, thus making it possible to wear a watch in any conditions of weather and water.

ROLEX

A landmark in the history of
This measurement

BRITONS SHOCKED
BY ATTLEE TRIP

By VAUGHAN JONES

BRITONS, rich and poor, recognise the worthiness of Labour leader, Clement Attlee. But the echoes of his China pilgrimage have shocked them.

Britons accept the Anglo-American brotherhood as they do the walls round their homes.

And they are furious that the lobs blossom jaunt of Attlee and his do-gooders should have provided China's Red chiefs with the chance of trading against Britain's ally, America, for protecting Formosa.

They are indignant at Mao's demand that the Western allies

should drop rearmament plans for Germany and Japan.

Britons remember another dictator. They recall Hitler's prowar peace assurances to the big Western nations, which he coupled with "warnings" to the little neighbours before he engulfed them one by one.

Right now, Britons regard Anglo-American friendship as the sheet anchor of Western security. They do not wish it traded for Peking's insidious promises.

They want a settlement with China. But not at the cost of running a Communist dictate which would open the path for continued Red expansion towards Australia in the East and the Rhine in the West.

They note that Mao wants a "more reasonable" foreign policy

from the two great Western allies.

But they feel that Communism's continued expansion and the vast growth of the Red forces is not reasonable at all.

Allied sources now have a new powerful enough to challenge Anglo-American control of the Atlantic as well as turning out perhaps 40,000 war planes a year. And these include huge six-engine turbo-propeller bombers with a range of 7,500 miles, new giant jet bombers as big as anything the West possesses, and light jet bombers capable of 600 miles an hour.

All this, backed by the Red Army with its mechanised divisions and linked with China's advanced submarine and growing heavy industries, is causing Britons to ponder

HONOUR at STAKE

No. 2

IN Society, the precise nature of A Reputation differs in the cases of the female and the male. A woman's Reputation depends, first and foremost, on her sexual morals; a man's, first and foremost, on his morals as a gamester. Hence confirmed adulterers and established sodomites may be received nowadays at West End clubs that instantly expel one who peeps at an opponent's hand or pleads the Gaming Act.

The haut monde of the Nineties, while showing less indulgence to sodomites and adulterers, similarly drew this distinction in degree. If their penalties for sins of the flesh were more severe than ours, they were correspondingly more severe for offending gamblers too.

So when Sir William Gordon-Cumming, Baronet, found himself accused of being a cheat at cards, he could entertain no lingering doubt about the consequences if that accusation were generally believed.

He would not merely forfeit his former high repute. He would not merely have to resign from all his clubs. He would not merely be despatched to a psychiatrist.

What threatened him was ruin so absolute and total that life could no longer be supported in his native land.

The circumstances almost defied a parallel. Here was this fashionable and respected aristocrat; a man of means, with a town house and a Scottish country seat; a colonel—with a very gallant record—in the Guards; an intimate and constant companion of the Prince of Wales—here he was, at a chic house-party for St. Leger week, stigmatised like some petty crook who worked the racing trains. And to complicate matters, HIRH himself was in the party; indeed, it was at his request Sir William had been invited to that handsome Yorkshire mansion by the name of Tranby Croft.

The storm gathered without Sir William's knowledge.

A watch was kept



Among the players was the young son of the house, who became convinced he saw Sir

William systematically cheating by altering his stake after the deal had begun.

He did not challenge him, however, but spoke about it privately to others—his mother, his brother-in-law, a military friend—so that next night, when they sat down to baccarat, again, there were several suspicious people keeping hostile watch. All declared afterwards they saw Sir William cheat.

Still nothing whatever was said to the presumptive culprit. They could not make up their minds upon their proper course, having regard to the presence among them of the Prince—who had actually taken part in both the baccarat sessions and had obviously observed nothing amiss. Eventually two of the older people staying at Tranby Croft—the Earl of Coventry and General Owen Williams—were told the story and were asked to decide what should be done.

That which follows can only be understood—I should not like to think it could ever be commended—if one bears in mind the exceptionally delicate state of affairs created by the implication of the Prince of Wales.

The man who, as Edward VII, was to prove an honoured king enjoyed considerably less widespread esteem as Hereditary Prince. Formal Court circles, the old landed families, that part of the community at every level which calls itself "respectable," not least his mother the venerable Queen—all agreed in passing censure on his mode of life: his race-going, his card-playing, his informality. Criticism mounted as he advanced in age. Excuses might be offered for a youngster. But in approaching fifty—as the Prince was when staying at

THE MAN

WHO PLAYED CARDS WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES

Tranby Croft—men, especially Coventry and General Owen Williams. Their expressions were grave, and they closed the door carefully behind them.

No time was wasted in preamble. "A very unpleasant thing has happened. Some of the people here object to your method of playing baccarat."

Sir William does not think that he has heard aright. "They object to what?"

"They say you have been cheating."

"Cheating?" shouts Sir William. "It's an abominable lie."

"There are five of them, you know."

"If there are 50 it's a lie. The full horror of his position dawned upon him. "This is unbelievable. You are two old friends of mine—tell me what I ought to do."

"We will think it over," they say, and depart, leaving him speechless.

Later, they see him once again in private, with a document they have drafted for his

Cheating!



THIS factor bedevilled the entire situation. That the Earl and the General acted from unselfish motives is not open to a shadow of dispute. But so obsessed were they with the need for hushing up, and so antipathetic did they pursue this purpose, that they ended by bringing upon all concerned publicity undreamt of—and, worse by far, they may have crucified an innocent man....

Sir William was getting dressed for dinner when he heard a quiet knock upon his bedroom door.

"Come in."



On the first night after dinner they sat down to baccarat.

by Edgar Lustgarten

Edgar Lustgarten

Five to one



SIR WILLIAM reads; then gazes at them both. "If I sign this," he says, "it amounts to an admission."

"Yes," they say.

"But I emphatically deny the accusation. I've told you that, and I've already told His Royal Highness."

"It is five to one," they say. "This is the only way to avoid a frightful scandal—a scandal in which His Royal Highness will be involved."

The strain upon Sir William is enormous. The Prince, the Prince—that is his constant theme; it invokes his loyalty as an officer, as a subject, as a

favoured boon companion. And yet, this document. He is right at his wits' end.

"Do you really—speaking as my friends—do you really think I should sign this?"

"Yes," they say.

Wretched and bewildered, Sir William signs, and forthwith leaves the house.

The use of improper pressure in obtaining statements has from time to time been alleged against the police. But was there ever improper pressure comparable to this? Or pressure applied—and yielded to—with such lamentable effect?

For of course the conspiracy of silence didn't work in a matter of weeks, the gossip flew through modish London and Sir William had either to accept dishonour by default or bring a slander action to vindicate his name. And of course at the trial he was hamstrung by that document. "Why, if you were innocent, did you sign it?" thundered counsel, and Sir William's explanation fell upon deaf ears.

The verdict against him has not gone unquestioned; many times since has the issue been debated; did Sir William Gordon-Cumming cheat at cards or not? What is the true answer? I would not care to affirm. But I do affirm that the foolish measures taken on the spot, unfairly and fundamentally pre-judged, this issue which could never henceforth be satisfactorily tried.

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NEXT SATURDAY:

Lord Melbourne and the magistrate's wife

They Could Change The World PSYCHIATRISTS SHOULD BE WATCHED

By JOAN McKENNA

DO you need a psychiatrist?

Of course the question is silly... or is it? Two thousand delegates left the Toronto conference of the World Federation for Mental Health last week agreed on at least one thing: It's time the psychiatrists moved out into the community.

The right time to "cure" a mental crack-up is before it happens—and the answer is "social psychiatry." By "social psychiatry" the doctors mean some attempt not only to catch mental disturbances in their early phases but also to discover the general causes and to do something about them.

Both of those things are tall orders; perhaps they are dangerous orders, too. Anyhow, YOU ought to know something about the idea.

Take the first. All of us are agreed that the man who is suffering from a serious mental illness is in need of treatment. Too often—though by no means always—he lives in a world of stark horror, pursued by nameless terrors, surrounded by hideous delusions, subject to recurrent moods of indescribably deep depression.

DANGEROUS

At times, such people are dangerous. The schizophrenic, in a desperate effort to escape his horrors, may lash out with deadly intent at anyone near by. Other types of sufferers can be as much of a menace. But what about the man who merely shows "early symptoms"? Someone once said—and probably quite rightly—that if Charles Darwin had been taken to a child guidance clinic he would never have written the "Origin of Species."

At any rate, it is probably true that a preponderance of the world's geniuses have been abnormal to some degree or other—and abnormal in the sense that would quite probably attract the attention of today's psychiatrists.

Who, after all, is normal? We all know that the advanced schizophrenic is abnormal. But that is because he deviates so widely from the rest of us that he is quite unable to adjust himself to our world. His split mind is obvious to everyone and, what is more, he probably lives in misery.

But what about the man who lives part of his time in a dream world? He may produce great philosophy, write great novels, or paint great pictures. But should he be treated by a psychiatrist because he shows what could easily be symptoms of an impending mental crack-up?

What about the man who shows no interest in making money or doing "productive work" or being a social success? Is he "refusing to face reality," and so displaying an early symptom of mental illness? Or is he just a human being exercising his perfect right to organise his own life?

CONFUSIONS

Shift to the second order. Suppose the "general causes" of mental illness turn out to be, in large measure, the stresses and strains of a modern, high-speed, intertwining society with all its confusions of value systems, conflicting goals and mixed codes of behaviour.

Suppose we COULD change all that and make society a well integrated, slow-moving affair with one fixed standard on which everyone was brought up and from which no one dared to deviate, one set of goals to which everyone was duty bound to conform. Would it be worth the price?

Wouldn't that be something like Orwell's "1984"? Of course, the psychiatrists are aware of all these problems. But the problem is that the decision—if a decision is ever made—will not necessarily rest with them.

And every advance they make is one more powerful weapon in the hands of politicians. Already, by skillful psychological techniques, we can reduce men's minds to slush. The purge trials behind the Iron Curtain are nothing more nor less than that.

HYPNOTISM

Already, we are skilled in mass hypnotism.

Suppose we could, by careful training of children in "child guidance clinics," turn out everybody to the same standard psychological type.

And suppose, after deciding that type was "normal," the politicians justified it on the grounds of "mental health."

Is there any more effective form of totalitarianism? Whether we like it or not, the day is coming when just that will be possible. The techniques and the facts the psychiatrists discover will one day be as significant to the world as the cracking of the atom.

They could revolutionise the world—one way or the other. And the time to keep an eye on the situation is now.

YOU THINK WE AMERICANS LAZE WITH OUR LEISURE

We're two pay-cheque families—THAT'S OUR SECRET

by FRANCES KOLTUN

ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE CHARM

SINCE my arrival in London I have been hit by this British theory that American women lead lives of unparalleled and unimaginable ease.

The washing-machines, deep freezes, and all the electrical gadgets, it seems, have created a life in which she can do strictly nothing.

She is pictured as needing to face this stack of equipment knowing only how to work the plugs and gadgets. After that—indolence.

★ ★ ★

It is a completely mistaken notion. The American woman is, on the contrary, among the busiest, most creative, and productive creatures in the world.

She works in factories and florists' shops, as doctor, dentist, or dressmaker. She works in all industries, on every salary level, at every age. At no time before have so many American women been employed. There are close to 60,000,000 women in the United States—and close to 20,000,000 go out each day and earn a salary cheque.

There are more married women working than single women.

And of those who are married more than half have children. America's working wives have created 10,000,000 very busy families whose combined incomes are making possible the sale of TV sets, a second car, a

house on a scale undreamed of. (For the first time in our history most Americans own their own homes than live in rented apartments.)

Now why do so many women work?

Well, 200 years ago American wives fought side by side to keep the Indian from the door. Today, with their husbands, they fight to keep the "financial wolf" away.

The war really gave us the taste for going out to work, and we liked it.

We rolled up our sleeves and brought in the cash. We bought the washing-machine that helped us keep our home chores under control, the frozen foods that cut meal preparation down to 30 minutes instead of hours. We bought a new car, a better vacation, annuities for the future.

In short, we went to work, and we work now for the same reason that men do—to earn the money to live a better life.

Each year more and more women see the sense of this.

★ ★ ★

The largest number today joining the ranks are in their forties. Their children are established, their lives have fewer demands. They work to use their energies in a purposeful way.

How do the men feel about it?

None of it would be possible without their consent and approval. The contemporary American husband and father is far different today from what he was 20 years ago.

Men who learned to make their bunks in the army and navy are more apt to help with the beds and dishes and children.

American men and women lead shared lives in every area, and as women have taken on new responsibilities, so the men have too.

I find that many Englishmen look with disfavor upon working women (and even strongly object to their wives working), and I am beginning to wonder if it wouldn't be wise to adopt a revolutionary attitude.

Today nearly one out of every four women in the United Kingdom go out to work.

I suggest that more people would be much happier if the figure was one in three.

One other point

I WENT to see the collection of one of London's top couturiers last week. It was everything we American women expect English fashion to be: elegant, understated, subtle. There was a great quietness to the charming house, the room and the clothes.

The clothes in fact had a unique quality. But I was this close to a double-edged sword. Think

very timelessness destroyed the drama that should be a part of every new collection. I found myself thinking that my not-so-new clothes would look perfectly at home in a room in which these might be worn. My impulse to buy became more and more dulled as the showing went on.

Then, as I looked around the lovely room at the chic clients seated in an elongated horseshoe, I noticed too that most of the women wore grey suits. Those not in grey were in navy blue or black.

★ ★ ★

Never have I seen so many women at a fashion gathering give such an impression of "neutrality."

Even the colours shown in the collection, beautiful and special, created, though they might have been, had a toned-down quality. The greens, browns,



EDITOR-COLUMNIST Frances Koltun of New York

SPACE MAN KEEPS IT DARK

From Newell Rogers

New York.

SPACE MAN Marion E. Carl has broken his own 1953 world altitude record of 82,235ft. (nearly 16 miles) and kept two secrets.

They are: How far up he went and what he went up in. Air Secretary Harold Talbott is one of the few men who share the secrets with Carl, a tall, handsome colonel in the Marines.

Some experts think the height was 20 miles and that Carl did it in a Bell rocket-plane. It was in this needle-nosed little aircraft, which is carried up the first few miles by a Superfort, that Captain Charles Yeager set a speed record of 1,650 miles an hour.

But Carl's last height record was achieved in a Douglas Skyrocket a year ago. He said: "I could have gone higher with enough stuff in the tanks. I

had less than three minutes' fuel for the full run.

"As 55,000ft. the temperature was minus 70 degrees but at 80,000 it warmed up to minus 58."

Said an air force expert: "Above 75,000ft. an aircraft is, in effect, a model spaceship."

REJECTED: The advice of experts in four Washington departments—that the U.S. should join Britain and six other nations in claiming parts of Antarctica's 6,000,000 square miles.

President Eisenhower's reasons for the turn-down are unknown.

THE MOTHER of 12-year-old Gerald Lansbaum, of University City, Missouri, has received a letter from a secretary of Sir Winston Churchill saying: "The Prime Minister was amused."

What amused him was a

sentence in Gerald's school essay which read: "Winston Churchill is an unusual man—although he is nearly 80 years old he does the work of a man twice his age."

AVERAGE income for each man, woman, and child in the U.S. rose four percent last year to a new record of \$1,700, reports the Commerce Department.

A HELIPORT is being built on the roof of the Lutheran Hospital in St. Louis, Missouri. Hospital authorities point out that helicopters saved thousands of lives in Korea.

BROADWAY has a chorus girl who is a millionaire. Red-haired, 20-year-old Tina Myers goes to work from the Fifth Avenue flat of her father, industrialist John Myers. Her ambition: To rise from the chorus to acting.

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



FIFTH IN THE SERIES

Where are the Kings of the Ring today?

NOW DEMPSEY SELLS STEAKS—AT 30s A TIME

by GEORGE WHITING

NEW Yorkers, I suppose, would be horrified if anybody stole Times Square or the Empire State building, but an almost equal affront would be afforded by the removal of Jack Dempsey's restaurant, whose 3 ft. red neon blazes a warm but expensive welcome to the world that walks along Broadway—especially to that wide-eyed section of tourists known to the inhabitants as Sunday suckers.

If your pocket and your sense of values balk at paying 30s upwards for a steak, you must be content with a sidewalk view of proprietor Dempsey as he signs autograph books and merrily cards in a window seat.

In my case, I could claim some acquaintance with the great man. So I marched past the tired portico representation of a younger Dempsey in fighting mood, through the brass doors, and up to the horse-shoe shaped bar round which the restaurant radiates, and round which up to 400 patrons can eat, drink, and pay.

Dempsey, one-time Manassa Mauler, snatches all out-of-town customers with the warmth of his "Hiya, feller" welcome. Like a ponderous bear who hopes for buns but is ready to be friendly anyway.

At 59, his dark head admits to not a solitary grey hair; his right hand crushes you; his left, the one that used to hook the heavyweights of the world into pain and suffering, now dangles you with a half-inch ruby worn on the little finger.

Hail fellow

Diplomats, gangsters, politicians, statesmen, small fry, big fry—everybody visits Dempsey's sooner or later, and for them all the former hobo from the St. Louis Valley in Colorado has the art of hail-fellow-well-met worked out to the nth degree of cordiality.

How is life coming along for a man whose fists have earned him more than £3,000,000?

"I ain't broke, but I'm a working man," said Dempsey, at the same time indicating that the steak I was eating was the most tender in the world. Or else.

"Up to six months ago I was only a kind of sleeping partner

• The man whose fists earned him more than £3,000,000 in the ring says: 'You can say that I'm a busy guy.'

In this joint—and the place was getting to be a bad smell," he continued, "So now I have taken over and we are doing all right. I put in 18 hours a day backstage, out front, meeting people, everything. My being around means at least 1,000 dollars a day difference—and don't forget we have to take 2,000 dollars a day to local police. The staff payroll is 20,000 dollars a month, and the rest is 70,000 dollars a year minimum, plus seven per cent of the takings over a certain figure.

"Yes, sir, you tell them I'm a busy guy. I do a lot of radio and TV work, I referee boxing and wrestling all over, and I am also director of publicity for an electronics school in Chicago, where they got 2,000 resident scholars.

"No time, then, to think about the old days," I prompted.

Backed himself

"Every buck I earn is a reminder," he grinned. "Especially a reminder that if I hadn't kicked Jess Willard I would probably be sweeping out this joint instead of owning it."

This was it. The Willard fight. The fight that made Jack Dempsey heavy-weight champion of the world out there in Toledo, Ohio, on June 4, 1919. Truly an Independence Day—and here was Jack Dempsey recalling it, over cheese and coffee.

Willard, 6ft. 6in. ex-cowboy from Portawatomie County, Kansas, had become a nation's idol by winning the heavy-weight title from Negro Jack Johnson in 1915. But four years of near-inactivity had led to much thickening of the midriff, and at 38, Willard was definitely in what you might call the twilight stage of capriciousness. It took a Tex Rickard, newly arrived from the West, to beguile the spreading giant into defending his world title, the promotional spiel being sweetened to the tune of £35,000.

Dempsey, then a scowling black-jawed jaw-breaker of 24, was asked to state his price for exposing his comparatively small

frame to any such savagery as might remain in the slumberous Willard.

Being then in his second "career" as a fighter—the first having ended ingloriously and impecuniously with a labourer's job in a coalmine—Dempsey would gladly have shot at Willard's championship for bun-money, but not for nothing were his affairs being handled by the fabulous Jack "Doc" Kearns, possibly the shrewdest manager of all time, and certainly the smoothest.

Kearns extolled the viciousness of his protégé's punch, dwelt minutely on Dempsey's murderous elimination of such other heavyweights as Gus Moran, Billy Smith, Jim Flynn, Bill Brennan, Billy Mike and Fred Fulton, and said that the taking apart of Jess Willard would be a spectacle worth at least £17,000.

Rickard, knowing full well that Kearns was expecting more than half that amount, offered £10,000, but reserved to himself the promotional rights of all future Dempsey fights.

Contracts were signed—and off went Dempsey to train at Maumee Bay on the shore of Lake Erie a few miles outside Toledo.

Rickard built himself a huge wooden stadium in the open air, 20,000 fight-followers packed the hotel, gold-brick operators made their customary pinking, and Dempsey, having secured £3,500 stake-money, backed himself to win £35,000 by disposing of the giant Willard in one round.

Independence Day dawned bright and boiling, but the shirt-sleeved crowd had to sit through unbroken preliminaries before the world championship bout got going.

Use a whistle

Willard, trained to an apparently manoeuvrable 17st. 12lb. against Dempsey's 13st. 7lb., joined his swarthy challenger in the sun-baked ring and promptly announced that the floor-canvas was stained with the blood of lesser men, and would they please change it for a clean one.

They did so, but in their haste, the officials laced the new canvas so clumsily that they covered the bell, putting that very necessary instrument almost entirely out of commission. So some genius, sensing the growing impatience of the customers, provided time-keeper Warren Barbour—later a United States senator—with a police whistle instead. How was he, or anybody else, to know that the "brag" he fevered, piece of improvisation was to raise every kind of cab and give the world

the "whistle stop champion-ship"?

One minute and 58 seconds after the impatient warriors had begun their maul, Willard was flat on his back in mid-ring, rent thinner by a pile-driving Dempsey right-hook that would have put a less robust citizen in the mortuary.

At "eight," Willard contrived a wobbly perpendicular—but much good it did him, Dempsey, with victory in his knuckles (and £25,000 wage-money half-way into his pocket) leaped at the groping, pain-racked Willard. Seven times the man-mountain was flattened, and the end of the round found him sitting helplessly and hopelessly on the canvas he had been so fussy about three minutes earlier. His nose and mouth streamed blood and his eyes stared vacantly at nothing as his desperate seconds dragged him to the sanctuary of the corner.

Counted on

Cue for pandemonium. Referee Ollie Pecord, cloth-capped against the furnace heat of the afternoon sun, had failed to hear the timekeeper's whistle for the end of the round as he tolled his seventh count over the prostrate Willard. He continued counting, and then, as Willard's seconds climbed up on their errand of mercy, he raised Dempsey's hand as the new world champion.

A cock-a-hoop Dempsey left the ring—but got no more than a dozen yards. At that distance a horde of infuriated officials caught up with him, explained that his opponent had beaten the count, and would Mr. Dempsey be so kind as to step back and finish the business in accordance with the rules?

Naturally nettled at this turn of events and the loss of his "one round" bet, Dempsey returned to apply once again those butcher-punches that had mashed Willard's face, removed two of his teeth, closed his right eye, and raised a plum-like swelling on his right temple.

For three more minutes Dempsey lambasted the bruised and blood-stained wreck before him—to such vicious purpose that even the ring-side sadists were yelling for a cease-fire. Referee Pecord ignored them. Sheer guts enabled the half-blinded Willard to totter from his stool for Round Three, and even, from some unsuspecting and super-human reserve of fury, to hit back at his tormentor.

Towel in

But the end was at hand. Willard slumped on his chair like a sack of meat at the end of the round, and shook his head wearily as his chief second, Doc O'Neil, tossed the towel of surrender into the ring.

That was 35 years ago. And now, a sleeker, less warlike Dempsey waves you to your favourite table in his Broadway restaurant and tells you how he went to bed and cried the night he won the heavy-weight championship of the world from big Jess Willard.

region Willard would have cried, too—had there been room for tears through the slits that covered his eyes.

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NEXT SATURDAY:
A Champ Haunted
By The Tax Men

'WONDER' DRUGS WITH A QUÉRY

AMERICAN rheumatologist Professor Philip Hensch went to London in October 1948 to give the most important lecture of the year on rheumatism. The lecture was a great success. But Hensch was troubled.

A month earlier at the famed Mayo Clinic in America he had used a substance called Compound E to treat a patient crippled by arthritis.

(Compound E, later named Cortisone to distinguish it from vitamin E, is a hormone made by the body's adrenal glands.)

The result seemed miraculous. Cortisone distinguished itself from vitamin E in a hormone, which stimulates the body to make its own Cortisone. It worked as well.

SEFTON DELMER'S NEWSMAP

A significant fact emerges from today's dossier on the latest German to 'go East'—it seems he was a member of a society you'll hear more about

THE SECRET LEGION

SO another top German has gone over to the Soviet side. Two in a month!

First, Dr Otto John, chief of West Germany's M.I.6. And now Karl Fran Schmidt-Wittmack, one of the leaders of Chancellor Adenauer's Christian Democrats and a member of the Bonn Parliament's European Defence Plan committee.

At first sight, the two cases seem identical. Schmidt-Wittmack has, in the words of East German Communist radio, "requested political asylum for himself, his wife, and his daughter after having had talks with responsible personalities."

There is a difference, perhaps a vital one. It is a difference in the characters of the two men themselves. Dr John was a Liberal. Schmidt-Wittmack is very far from being one. He has never disguised his view that democratic government is unsuitable for Germans.

He is typical of a good many Germans who, like himself, began as devoted Hitler youth leaders and then became enthusiastic army officers.

Two tasks

BUT, more than that, I can disclose that he was a member of the secret and influential political society called The First Legion, which is anything but democratic.

Its members include top civil servants, diplomats, and industrialists in West Germany.

The Legion was set up in the early days after the German collapse to enrol a small elite of Germans who would dedicate themselves to two tasks.

The first was to create out of the ashes left behind by Hitler a new, reunited, and greater Germany.

The second was to see that the German people regained that faith in their destiny which they appeared to have lost.

With the advent of the Adenauer Government the Legion became of first-rate importance. Two of its members became high officials of the new Administration and, perhaps more important, advisers to the aged and somewhat crotchety Adenauer.

In key jobs

THESE were Dr Hans Globke, former No. 1 civil servant in Hitler's Ministry of the Interior, and now State Secretary to the Chancellor's own office; and Dr Blankenhorn, former Ribbentrop diplomat who managed to win the Chancellor's confidence and is now running the political department of the new Foreign Office.

Between them, Globke and Blankenhorn were able to see that Legionaries got key jobs. And I don't think it is too much of an accident that a large number were the same opportunists who had won key jobs under Hitler and Himmler.

Where does Schmidt-Wittmack fit in this picture? Well, one of the ways in which members of

the Legion can reach its top grades is by successfully carrying out tasks set by the Legion chiefs.

That may be significant. For I would not rule it out completely that the apparent defection of the very ambitious Schmidt-Wittmack may be a cover for some mission he is performing on Legion orders.

On one point Schmidt-Wittmack shares the sentiments of Dr John. He is an ardent monarchist.

But, unlike John, he believes in authoritarian government led by a monarch rather than the constitutional form favoured by John.

Close friend

I WONDER whether this monarchist aspect of the latest desertion to the Russians will cause the German Federal police to take up once more their original project of interviewing Prince Louis Ferdinand, the Crown Prince's son.

He was one of the closest friends of Otto John and almost the last man to see him before his drive across the border.

The Federal police, I am told, have so far refrained from calling on Prince Louis only because he is at present staying in France.

The German authorities feel they would be losing face if they asked the French for permission to send representatives in such a delicate matter.

The prince is staying with his father-in-law, the Grand Duke Vladimir, at the little Breton fishing village of Saint Brieuc.

He is not due back in Hohenheim, the Hohenzollern seat, until the middle of September, when his children go back to school.

Whatever the reasons for Schmidt-Wittmack's defection, one thing is certain: he did not go over for money. He is already well-off. His wife is the daughter of a wealthy coal merchant and their joint incomes made it possible for him to devote himself entirely to politics.

A big catch

HIS friends tell me that since his election as the Christian Democrat deputy for a Hamburg constituency in last year's elections Schmidt-Wittmack had been frantically busy in Bonn. "He's been rushing around the place seeing everybody, hearing everything he could," said one friend. "And he puts everything down on paper." He should—assuming he has really gone over—be almost as valuable a catch for the Soviet Intelligence as John himself. For, from all I am told, he has managed to pick up not only a knowledge of the contemporary currents in German internal politics but of the inner workings of Germany's foreign policy as well.

Yes, coming so soon after the John case and right on top of the E.D.C. deadlock, this new defection is going to be a considerable blow for the old Chancellor.

On September 8 the German Federal Parliament will meet to discuss John. It will now be able to discuss Schmidt-Wittmack as well.

Let's hope there is not yet another case for it to discuss between now and then.

—(London Express Service)

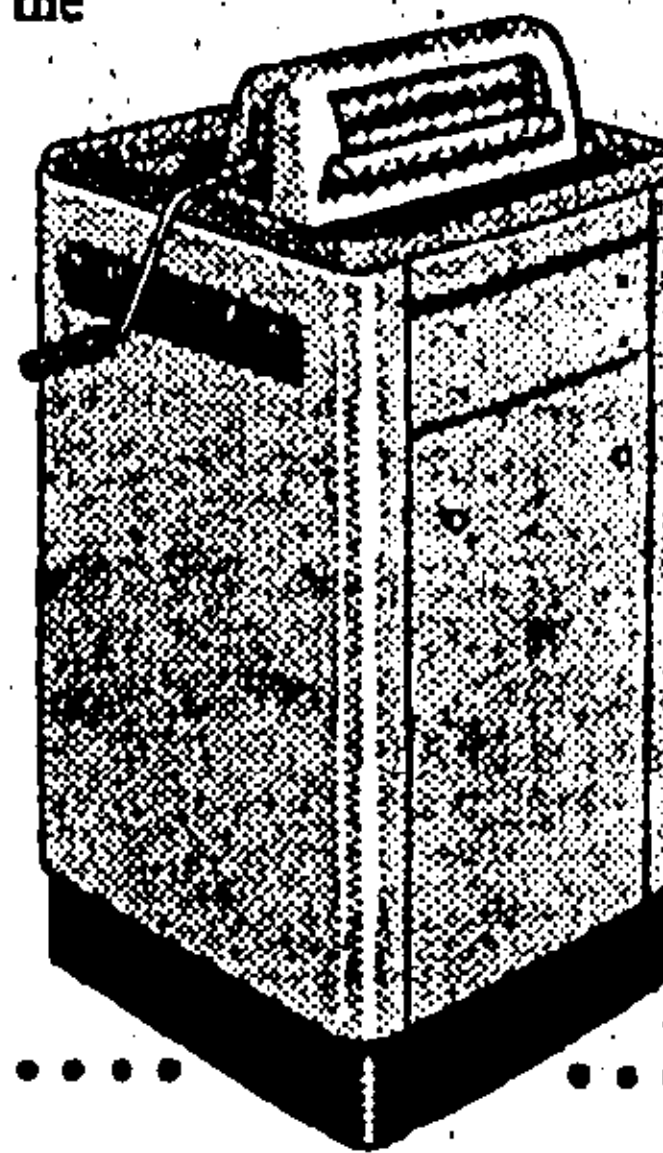
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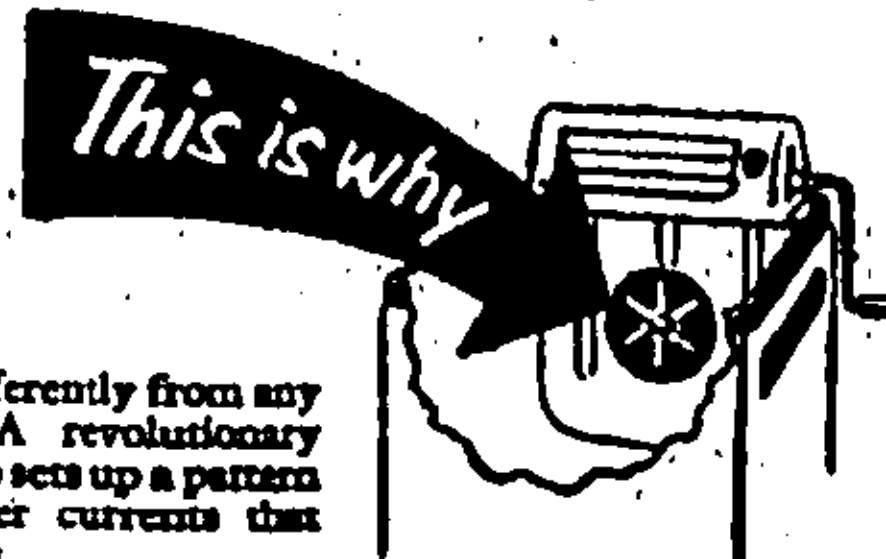
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FROM RICHARD HUGHES: DATELINE, TOKYO

THE JAPS HAVE A PLAN TO DISCOURAGE SUICIDE

IN a desperate attempt to rid the fashionable seaside hot-springs resort at Atami of its grisly reputation as a national suicide centre, the local tourist body will establish a "Pearl Island" below the beautiful but notorious Cliffs of Nishiki-ga-ura, where most suicides jump into the sea, singly or in couples.

On this built-up island, it is proposed, women divers, specially chosen for their looks, will plunge into the sea during the summer months to bring up specially planted cultured pearls.

The instructive spectacle, the locals argue, should give pause to intending suicides who assemble on the cliff edge above, and may dissuade them from an impulsive death leap.

The Atami police, who have the weary task of recovering, identifying, and cremating the bodies of suicides, are delighted at the proposal, and several have already volunteered to patrol the cliff beat throughout the summer.

A new kind of "sincere and genuine" whisky is promised by Japanese distillers this year.

It will be made from corn and fermented with yeast with an admixture of soy sauce, beans and dried chrysanthemum petals. "It tastes just as good as real Scotch whisky and is much cheaper," the makers report proudly.

No name has yet been selected for the new brew, but veteran Scotch drinkers, recalling Tokyo's early Occupation "Scotch types," have suggested "White Walking Stick Brand," with a free white walking stick for every purchaser.

The old argument whether a tomato is fruit or vegetable has cropped up in Japan, where the National Tax Agency has been asked to decide whether tomato juice should pay the new 20 per cent tax on fruit juices.

Finance Ministry officials, eager for revenue, insisted that "only barbarians" would classify the tomato as a vegetable.

The Tax Agency has decided, however, that anything which can be eaten as a supplementary food with Japanese boiled rice is not fruit.

The Ministry of Justice has accepted the dispendous tax ruling, and the tomato has accordingly been proclaimed a vegetable throughout Japan. The ruling has aroused a phony barkeeper and two bar

hostesses for having forcibly imprisoned a customer in the cellar all Saturday night.

The customer, an innocent rural visitor admiring the city bright lights, was dragged into the bar at 9 p.m. by two girls, who set 20 bottles of beer and a large ham in front of him, and proceeded, while keeping him penned nervously behind the table, to empty the bottles themselves and distribute them to amused favourites at the bar.

Presented with a bill for 10,000 yen (£10) at closing time, the rustic protested that he had ordered nothing and had drunk only one bottle of beer. All threats failing, the genial host then hurried him into the cellar and locked the door.

The girls and barkeeper protested to the police next day that they were only showing "sincere Japanese hospitality" to the visitor and had kindly allowed him to sleep in the cellar to save him the cost of hotel accommodation.

Impressed by the vigour of the game, the Osaka police have decided to add rugby to the physical training course for riot squads.

All 450 well-nourished members of the city's celebrated squad have adopted the sport, which they agree with their inspectors is simpler, more rewarding and less expensive as a toughening-up exercise than U.S. football, with which they previously experimented.

GERALD BOWMAN continues his articles on the adventures of the Caterpillar Club

PILOT OFFICER WILLIAM ALLISTON sat in the mid-upper gunner's turret of a Halifax bomber of No. 10 Squadron at Melbourne, Yorkshire, as the big aircraft thundered off down the runway on the night of April 10, 1944.

In the navigator's seat Flying Officer "Junior" Steele gave the pilot his course for their target, the marshalling yard of Tergnier in France.

A brilliant full moon provided perfect visibility for enemy fighters as they crossed the French coast, but their flight, until they were well inland, was strangely peaceful—a matter which Alliston instinctively distrusted. His eyes ranged the whole arc of the sky beyond his perspex turret-cover but saw nothing untoward until the aircraft turned on to its bombing run.

Then as so often happens, an enemy fighter materialised from nowhere at all, to attack the bomber's vulnerable belly. The first thing anyone knew about its presence was a shattering burst of cannon shells which crashed into the starboard wing.

In the same second stray shells exploded in Alliston's turret, splitting the perspex cover which was then whipped off by the slip-stream. The blast hit the half-dazed Alliston and tore his flying helmet half off so that the straps wrenched at his throat.

He grabbed for it and with difficulty clawed it back on to his head in time to hear the pilot saying over the inter-com:

"Sorry, chaps—bale out. Come on, bale out everybody!"

ALLISTON climbed down from the turret seat and staggered up the fuselage towards the nose of the aircraft. As he did so he realised that it had lurched over and was in a spin with roaring furnace streaking back from the starboard wing. He made for the escape hatch and caught a glimpse of his pilot still fighting with the controls so that his crew could get out.

In the strange frenziedness of war Alliston has no memory of what happen-

ed after that moment until he recovered consciousness to find that he was floating down the dark sky with his parachute fully open above his head.

His first conscious realisation was that his left boot and his left sock were missing. Next that he was swinging so wildly that he feared his parachute would collapse and spill its vital cushion of air. Next he saw the aircraft blazing fiercely below in what appeared to be a shallow lake. And he seemed to be about to land squarely in the flames.

However, he missed the blaze and landed heavily, biting his tongue violently. The "lake" proved to be nothing but an illusion. He was lying in the middle of a ploughed field, brightly illumined by the burning wreckage.

He staggered to his feet and began scraping a hole to bury his



P/O Alliston in a gun turret.



P/O Alliston on right, dressed as a French peasant, among the wreckage of his crashed Halifax.

SAVED by INSTINCT

when Alliston recovered consciousness he found himself floating down the dark sky with his parachute fully open above his head

parachute and harness. His flying suit, he discovered, was ripped all over as by many slashes. A burning pain thrived in one of his legs and above his eyes and round the back of his head were deep cuts.

Alliston made for a nearby wood as best he could, and as he went he heard someone blundering through the broken clasp net with "Junior" Steele, the navigator. Junior whispered questions as to how the rest of the chaps had got on, but Alliston, his tongue swollen so that it seemed to fill his mouth, could only answer vaguely by signs.

He and Steele decided to try to get back and set off with the object of climbing the Pyrenees into Spain. Incredibly enough they managed it—in two months. Subsequently they were repatriated to Britain where, after leave, they both returned to operational flying.

The rest of that gallant crew with the exception of the gunner and the pilot who were killed were taken prisoner and repatriated after the war.

It seems clear that the pilot gave his own life by staying with the aircraft too long in order that they might have a chance of survival.

The Dupuis family had them, looked after their wounds, fed them, found them clothes and false identity cards. Later M. Dupuis paid for his philanthropy with his life. After his words had left him his activities were discovered by the Germans and he was transported to the notorious Dachau Camp, where

Next Saturday: Mystery in the Western Desert.

IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR A PLEASANT, ENJOYABLE PASTIME TO FILL OUT YOUR WEEK-END HOURS, FOLLOW THIS FASCINATING NEW CHINA MAIL SERIES, DESIGNED FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY. THIS IS THE INTRODUCTORY ARTICLE

LEARN TO ANALYSE HANDWRITING

By "SCRIBBLER"

HANDWRITING, one of the means of communication, is also a guide to a person's character.

Your handwriting shows whether you are stinky or generous, loquacious or tight-lipped, a pessimist or an optimist, an introvert or an extrovert. It reveals your whole personality, which is permanently recorded as your pen traces its way across the paper as you write.

There is a close association between handwriting

vertical, or does it slant in all directions? The slant of your writing reveals whether it is your head or your heart that controls your feelings.

Let us deal first with a specimen that slants about 45 degrees to the right. This forward slant, which is most usually found, reveals a person with a friendly and affectionate nature. He is not "cold"

The writer with a backward slant shows that his head rules over his heart. There is no outer display of emotions, and his enthusiasm is held in check.

The extreme backward slant also shows the head-over-heart trait, but to a greater extent. This writer is just as emotional as the writer with an extreme forward slant, but instead of displaying his emotions like the forward slant writer, he is extremely reticent about expressing the warm feelings of his heart. This writer gives an outer impression of being cold and aloof, although there are hidden emotions beneath that hard crust. This cold exterior might hide a volcano of emotions which is liable to explode at any time. His cold-bloodedness makes him keep a straight face when other people are weeping, and he represses all his emotions. He is in fact strongly inhibited, full of inner conflicts and unapproachable.

Handwriting which goes across the page in a straight line shows that the writer keeps his mind functioning carefully, and his moods are usually on an even keel. The writer is level-headed, independent and moderately aggressive, and is usually able to take care of himself.

The writer with a downhill slant is a pessimist, and when the downhill slant is at an extreme angle the writer is always in the "dumps". Lines of writing that "snake" across the page, undulating uncertainly, as in **EXAMPLE 2**, show that the writer's mind is snatching in different directions. He is not trustworthy and probably deceitful. These writers usually find it hard to become adjusted to any pursuit which calls for careful routine.

If the writing starts off at the left margin looking as though it is going to slope downhill and then suddenly zooms up, hill near the right margin, it

This is the time to celebrate because we will all go home

and personality because every nervous and muscular motion originates in the brain. Your hand holds the pen or pencil as you write, but it is the brain that guides the hand across the page. Sitting on the beach, your toe might trace out a word in the sand. The marks you make will have the same characteristics as your handwriting.

The science of analysing handwriting is called graphology, and in simple words the graphologist attributes specific characteristics to certain signs in the handwriting he examines.

You can become an amateur graphologist and analyse your own or your friends' handwriting. This series of articles will show you the fundamentals in simple language. Have fun! Entertain your friends!

This first article deals with the **SLANT** and **SLOPE** of your handwriting.

Make a sample of your handwriting on unlined paper preferably in ink, about 50 words. Does your handwriting **SLANT** to the right or the left? Is it

but displays his feelings. This person is generally lost without people around him because of his genuine social feeling.

Then there is the person whose writing slants far to the right. This extreme forward slant still indicates friendliness, affection and demonstrativeness, but in a more extreme degree. This writer is over-energetic and enthusiastic, and the romantic impulses are quite ardent. This person's emotions, intense and passionate, will fluctuate rapidly and erratically. The writer is extremely sensitive, and takes offence quickly.

A vertical handwriting shows that there is an even balance between the heart and the head. Sometimes this person's face shows no sign of emotion, and at other times he relaxes and occasionally releases his inhibitions.

This is the time for all good men

EXAMPLE 1, which shows handwriting that slants one way and then another, discloses that the writer's head and heart are in conflict—the mind wants to do one thing and the heart another. These uncontrollable moods make this person fickle and critical of trifles. His moods are seldom the same on two consecutive days.

discloses a person who will be cautious in anything he does, but once he has started he will finish it enthusiastically.

On the other hand, lines that start to go uphill and then dip down show that the writer starts energetically on a job but soon loses interest. He lacks stamina and perseverance.

(Follow this fascinating series. Next Saturday, the size of handwriting will be analysed)

ISLE OF CORNISH LEGENDS

ST Michael's Mount, the picturesque little rocky island in Mount's Bay, near Penzance, Cornwall, which is joined to the mainland by an artificial causeway, has been presented to the nation.

Many legends attach to the Mount, which is 1,100 yards in circumference and about 240 feet high. Standing on a rock on the Western Cliff, St Michael is said to have appeared to some fishermen in the year 495.

St Joseph of Arimathea is reported to have been among traders who, with the Phoenicians, shipped their tin from the Mount harbour, and Cormoran the Giant, whom Jack killed by sending him to rush down the hill and causing him to fall down the well, is said to have lived on the Mount. Another Cornish tradition connects the Mount with the story of Tristan and Isolde.

The monastery on the Mount was granted by Edward the Confessor to the abbey of Mont St Michel in Brittany, which is very much alike in size. Between 1135 and 1150 it was rebuilt, but most of the present building dates of the 14th and 15th centuries.

The mount was a fortress from the time of Richard I as well as a monastery. It was often attacked and sometimes captured. The Benedictine monks lived there until 1420, when

Henry VI gave the Mount to the Convent of the Brigittines of Syon Abbey.

After the Reformation it became Crown property, but in the 17th century it was granted successively to the Earls of Salisbury and the Basset family, until it finally passed in 1800 to the St Aubyns, who have owned it ever since.

Lord St Levan, head of the St Aubyn family, who served in the Grenadier Guards in the two World Wars, has now presented it to the National Trust subject to a lease to the family of part of the Castle, and certain freehold properties on the island, including part of the garden and some small houses, are excepted from the gift.

Showrooms of the Castle will continue to be opened to the public twice a week throughout the year. The principal rooms are the restored 14th century chapel, the 18th century blue drawing rooms built on the site of the original chapel, Chery Chase, formerly the monks' refectory, well known for its 17th century hunting frieze, and the armoury. Lord St Levan has also provided a large endowment for the maintenance of the Mount for posterity.

The National Trust is not, in spite of its name, a department of state, and yet all citizens enjoy the benefits of its good work. The lands that it has acquired through private generosity are freely accessible,

so far as farming, forestry and the conservation of nature allow. Its houses and gardens, many of which are ruined and maintained by tenants, are thrown open to visitors. Its function, in fact, is not to turn a great part of Britain into a museum but to maintain the varied character of the country.

It owes its origin to the havoc caused by the Industrial Revolution. When England was at the zenith of her prosperity towards the end of the Victorian era there were a few people who, looking through the haze of smoke, could perceive the heavy price which their country was paying to pay for her success. They saw cities stretching out their tentacles and absorbing the countryside, lovely valleys choking under slag-heaps; chimneys-stacks growing where oaks had stood.

Among those who contemplated these developments were three practical idealists—Miss Octavia Hill, Sir Robert Hunter and Canon Fryderyk. They conceived the idea which took shape as the National Trust. Their plan was to set up a body of responsible private citizens who would act for the nation in the acquisition of land and houses deemed worthy of permanent preservation. They would hold such properties as trustees, protect them from destruction and undesirable development, and allow the public to enjoy them.

J. W. Taylor

With Les Armour In Britain Today

WHEN a director of the National Agricultural Advisory Service begins to question the virtues of mechanisation, the time has possibly come to wonder whether cows will soon be jumping over the moon.

The growl of the combine harvester and the soft phut-phut of the tractor have long been sweet music in the ears of these gentlemen whose war cry, "mechanise or starve", has, in postwar years, replaced the blast of the hunting horn and the occasional neigh of the plough horse as the characteristic sound of the English countryside.

But Mr W. B. Mercer, provincial director of the Service, seems to have been doing what government officials delight in calling "basic rethinking"—a polite term for an admission that the standing policy has been breaking a large number of eggs to make a smallish omelette.

The trouble, reports Mr Mercer, is that mechanising the farms has also resulted in mechanising the people.

"Since everyone learns from the same textbook, individuality of village character has become much less marked."

"Dialect is becoming a mere technical accomplishment of broadcasters."

"There is little homecraft left."

Now comes a warning from the Ministry of Agriculture that the time has come when the

remote uplands to the crowded valley.

The self-sufficiency required for life in the "uplands" is a commodity no longer produced.

Britain's farms are, in fact, producing 60 percent more food than they did before the war. But at what cost?

Who can reckon how much society loses by reducing the individual farmer to the status of a factory worker, and by casting a whole nation in the same mould?

Who can say how much of a drag the decline in homecraft puts on the whole economy?

At the very least a dream is being shattered—the dream of the man who wants a chance to stand on his own, to face the world on his own terms.

At the worst the determined individualism which has been at the root of much of human progress has been dealt a serious blow.

Guess What!

Now that it is officially illegal for Englishmen to guess the number of eggs in a bucket if such guesses involve a wager, I fear that the national way of life may take a marked turn for the worse.

At first sight, no doubt, the fines imposed by the Huddersfield magistrates on a company owning a chain of grocery stores and on the manager of one of those stores may seem harmless enough.

But the decision was communicated to us just as we were reading the latest pronouncements on the approved methodology for ascertaining the number of marbles in a bag, written by A. D. Ritchie, Professor of Philosophy at Edinburgh University.

In so far as Prof. Ritchie may be taken as denying tenets held strongly by two other noted philosophers—Professor C. D. Broad, Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut, and Prof. J. M. E. Moravcsik, University of California, Los Angeles, and A. J. Ayer,

Quote Professor of Mind and Logic at London—the law may be inclined to take a rather serious view of the thing.

Have Professors Ritchie, Broad, and Ayer some secret wager between them? Certainly. But on the other hand, the law being the law, it may be inclined to suppose that no one would devote his time to devising ways of figuring out the number of marbles in a bag unless he had some ulterior motive or other.

The law may even suspect that the philosophers were plotting to clean up on the egg-guessing game in Huddersfield.

It will certainly be wrong if it does. But life may become a little confused for these learned gentlemen none the less. Prof. Ritchie, in so far as he works in Scotland—possibly a more civilised country—may be free of suspicion.

And what of us more ordinary mortals?

When presented with a poke, can we guess the number of pigs in it without having a policeman at our side asking whether we are proposing to take bets on it?

And a man surmising that there are two peas in a given pod may be asked by the law whether he is making "a definite statement of fact" or merely "a guess of such a kind as to constitute evidence of a wager."

As for citizens muttering about snugs "bugs in rugs"—they had better have a good defence ready.

Party Heretics

It is not customary to use a pile driver to "quash" a "snug"—unless, perhaps, you are more interested in noise-making than in "snug-killing."

Bearing this point of wisdom in mind, it seems permissible to suspect that the expulsion from the British Labour Party of all

persons associated with or supporting "Socialist Outlook" is intended to have an indirect rather than a direct effect.

More bluntly, the party's National Executive is serving notice on heretics in general.

Since the persons directly concerned are so few that most party members probably had to consult a reference book to discover just what "Socialist Outlook" was, the operation was economical in the extreme.

The party has given its "object lesson" without any risk of a consequential loss of membership.

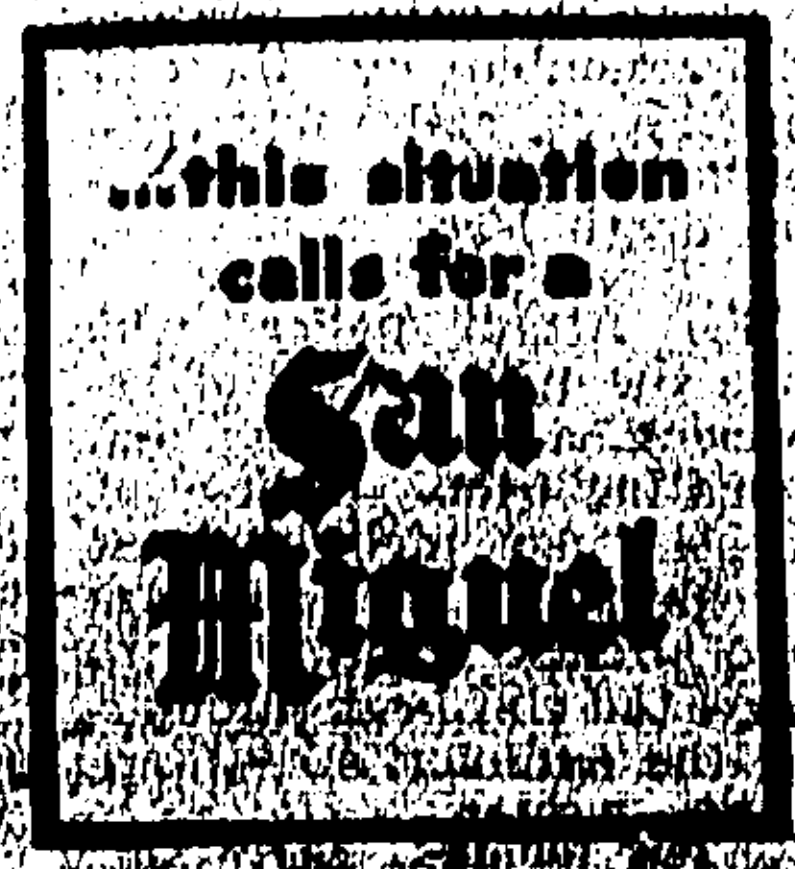
But the matter is serious for all that. It is a symptom of a sharp change of outlook in British democracy.

The particular heresies of "Socialist Outlook" are probably not serious—they consist of attacks on the party's leaders and of attacks on a few policies, notably German rearmament.

The mere fact that the heretics are heretics is sufficient to ensure their downfall.

The Labour Party seems to have decided that its policies have somehow achieved Divine Sanction and that no one must question them.

JOHNNY HAZARD



WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

New Creations Of Famous Milliner



Two new hats which milliner Rudolph designed to go with the Digby Morton collection.

LEFT: A wisp of "Chelsea Red" felt is twisted to form the crown of a close-fitting hat, then to dip down to a flattering point at the side.

RIGHT: This hat has the "I-have-seen-this-somewhere-before" feeling. Yes, it's a scarf hat, but this one is made in the new "flamingo pink" velvet and is edged with black.

The Schoolgirl Transforming Into A Young Lady

By EILEEN ASCROFT

SCHOOLGIRL into young lady in four weeks. This Cinderella transformation is taking place now in thousands of homes where there is a teen-age daughter who left school in July.

The beginning of September will find them taking their first jobs or starting student training. We did a little wand-waving with pretty 16-year-old Elizabeth Crust, of Coudesdon, Surrey. Elizabeth wants to make her career in the theatre—stage-directing or in theatrical production. She has already done some modelling in school holidays and she has appeared on TV as a children's announcer.

YES—AND NO

Her main hobby is dogs, which is not surprising her great-grandfather was the founder of the dog show. She prefers Boxers, but has a Scottish pup called Jenny. Other pastimes include tennis and a collection of traditional jazz records.

Here is the list of Do's and Don'ts for the first dress budget, which I made for Elizabeth. It may be useful to other girls buying and planning their own clothes this autumn.

DO choose colours that will not mark too easily, yet gay enough to look young.

DO spend your dress allowance on the things you will wear most, such as a suit, skirt and sweaters and a topcoat. Party frocks are pretty, but bread and butter clothes must come first.

CHIEF CHARM

DO buy clothes that serve a double purpose. Example—a waerproofed topcoat, a short evening dress with jacket or jacket or bolero that also does for cocktails, a suit that looks right in town and country.

DON'T buy delicate materials that will not stand up to wear.

In a small wardrobe every garment must pull its weight. DON'T choose colours that are too violent. When you have to wear them, often, you soon tire of them, and so do your friends. DON'T try to be sophisticated. It will not look convincing. Your chief charm today is your youth.

THE HAIR-DO

Hairstressing plays an important part in a schoolgirl's transformation.

We took Elizabeth to the French salon. She wanted to wear her blonde hair short. Marcel shaped it to the head and gave the top and sides a "blunt" cut to give lightness to the hair and make it easy to manage herself. He banished the semi-fringe Elizabeth wore before and he gave height to the face by brushing the hair back and up from the forehead.

Another important point with Elizabeth's hairstyling. Marcel dressed the hair in wide curls at the side to give more width to the temples. The result gave the oval face more piquancy.

AND THE MAKE-UP

We took Elizabeth to a West End salon for her first make-up. So many girls, when they begin to use cosmetics, rush to extremes. Blood-red fingernails, china-doll cheeks and eyes, and lips that have been given the full treatment.

At the salon Elizabeth was shown by Miss Macmillan how to make the best of her youthful good looks.

To counteract the slight greyness round nose and chin she should use a pore-closing tonic; for night-time cleansing a light beauty milk, and in the

morning washing with mild soap and tepid water.

A light foundation lotion, no rouge, a fluff of powder and a coral pink lipstick came next. (Never bright red for the very young.) And if nail varnish is worn it should be natural or palest pink.

This is the time to tidy up ragged schoolgirl eyebrows. Elizabeth is lucky. Hers are a perfect shape. So she was advised to brush them with brilliantine or almond or

cas/or oil for daytime and use very dark blue mascara, to lighten the blue of her eyes, only at night.

Her lashes are straight and she was shown how to brush them upwards now; this will encourage them to curl later on. Elizabeth eats plenty of salads and, like many youngsters who grew up during the war, does not hanker after too many sweets and cream cakes.

She drinks lots of milk and a wise mother insists on early nights. With this routine she should keep her pretty, fine skin and silky hair.

You can't get GLAMOUR from GLOOM—

SO CHEER UP FOR CHARM

By Joseph Edmundson

YOU'LL never get GLAMOUR from GLOOM—that's the tip for you today from Miss Zipp who finds it FUN to be FIT.

Yes, to get the best out of get-fit exercises you must enjoy them. Remember that now, as you seek holiday health the play-way.

As usual, warm up first by simply running and bounding as high as you can. Then go on to a most appropriately named activity for any beach, **TURNING THE TURTLE**. This is played with a partner.

The "turtle" lies down on the sand with arms and legs played as wide as possible, and keeping herself as rigid as possible. (Fig. 1).

The turtle's partner then grabs her by the arms and legs and tries to turn her over on to her back. This can be fairly strenuous, but it is a wonderful exercise for the whole body.

★

With a partner, try this one, **HIP LOOSENER**, which will help to give you poise as you walk. (Fig. 2).

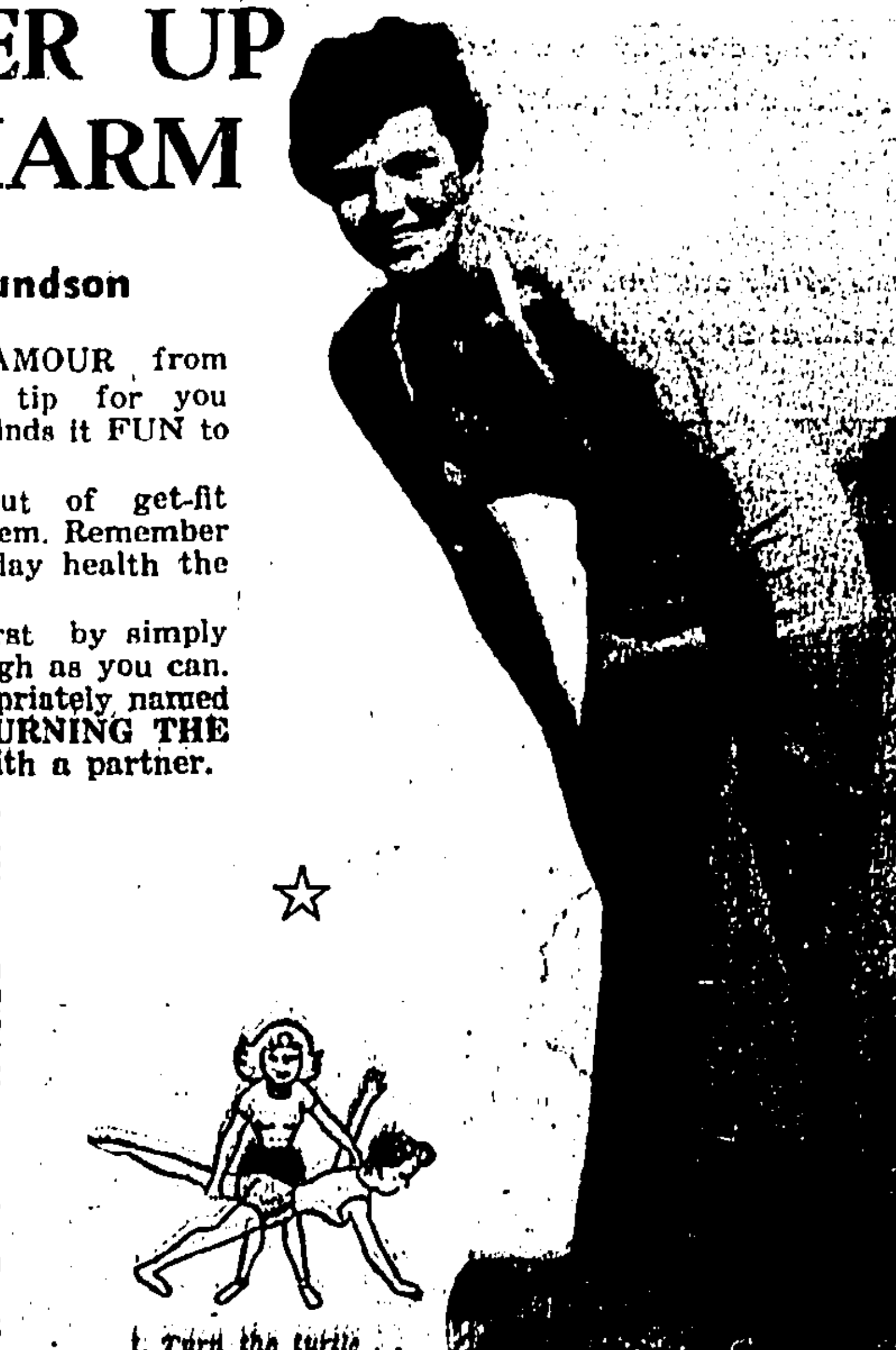
Stand sideways on to your partner and grasp her by the arm. First, swing the outside leg to the side and across the front of your body. This can be done with either a bent or straight knee.

After about six or eight good swings, roll the knee round in as big a circle as you can the same number of times.

Then change places with your partner and do exactly the same with the other leg.

Now a last exercise for the arms and shoulders, **LOOSENING BOXING**. (Fig. 3).

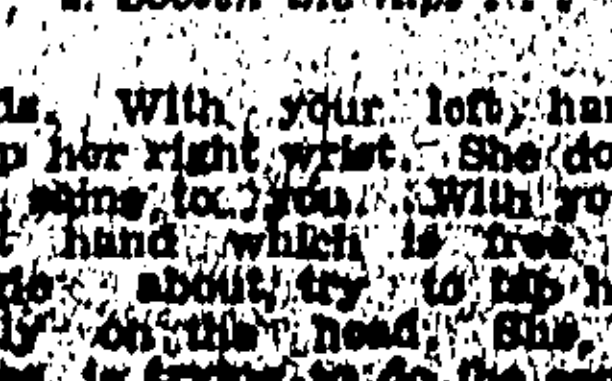
Stand facing your partner with your arms raised and



1. Turn the turtle



2. Loosen the hips



3. Chin's boxing

How the royal ladies plan their wardrobes

Comfort Before Fashion

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

MEMBERS of the royal family, planning wardrobes for overseas visits, put comfort before fashion—as a matter of course. After all, while they attend official functions, they want to feel at ease and forget what they are wearing.

So in choosing clothes for their Canadian tour the Duchess of Kent and her daughter Princess Alexandra put comfort first. They don't want to be fashion plates.

Even so, their clothes are elegant and not in the least old-fashioned. They have all the style Britons associate with the Duchess—and are already associating with her daughter.

Some of them have been made by John Cavanagh, the top designer who quickly established himself when he opened his London showroom two years ago. He has made clothes for the Duchess since then, but these are the first he has designed for Princess Alexandra.

Melon effect

The Duchess is prepared for all weathers.

For cool days, she has chosen a pencil slim dress in fine black wool. It has a matching bolero with three-quarter sleeves, given a "melon" effect by being gathered from a low shoulder line. Emerald green shantung trims the neck and makes the cummerbund.

For warmer days, she has chosen a fitted coat in heavy white cotton, with three-quarter sleeves and a small high collar.

For a formal ball, there is a truly "royal" dress, full-skirted and encrusted with magnificent embroidery. It is made of white lace veiled with white organdie. The organdie is heavily embroidered with

white coral beads and rhinestones, following the pattern of the lace.

Princess Alexandra has also chosen some of her wardrobe from John Cavanagh. The styles are perfect for a seventeen-year-old. Not too childish, not too grown up, but sophisticated enough for "official duties."

Interesting colours

She keeps to pale but interesting colours... smoke blue, pale gold, yellow... but avoids the conventional pastel shades so often the teenagers' uniform.

She has chosen rich, unusual materials for afternoon and evening. There is silk with a pattern of pink and blue flowers, brocade silk gauze in a wonderful pale gold, white organdie embroidered all over with white silk ivy leaves. Except for a slim-fitting suit in blue worsted, all the styles follow similar lines. Whether day dresses, afternoon coats, or ball gowns, they have a trim waistline, full skirt and new detail on the neckline.

There is a silk afternoon coat with a small shawl collar and melon sleeves. And there is a silk afternoon dress which has revers standing away from the neckline and a hand-pleated skirt.

Ball dresses are statelike and diaphanous. One made from a hundred yards of white tulle has a draped bodice, fitted waist, and a full skirt flaring a high hip line. Leaf green velvet outlines the bodice, and two pink peonies decorate the skirt.

100 yards of tulle

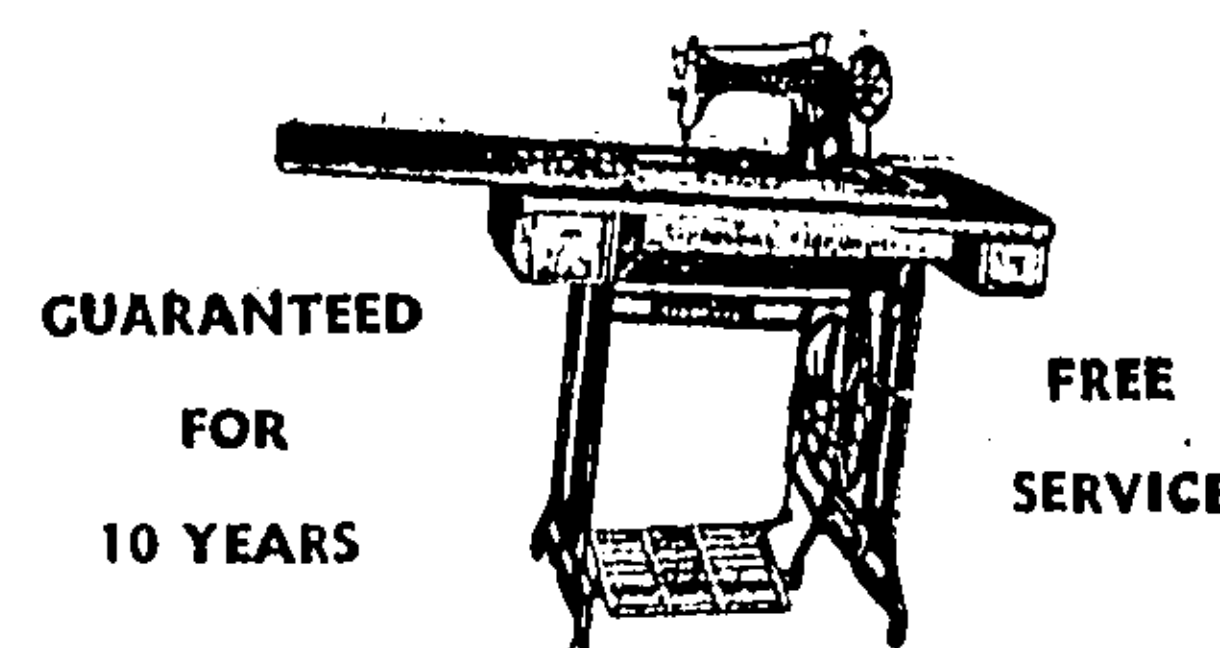
Princess Alexandra also follows current fashion by choosing a dinner dress with a matching jacket. The material she has selected is stiff silk in a smoke blue shade. The dress, which is short-sleeved, has a bodice with a deep V neckline, and a flared skirt. The matching jacket has tight three-quarter sleeves and round high revers, but no collar.

Already, in the few months that she has been "out of the schoolroom," this pretty Princess with the soft, curly hair-do has shown that she has poise as well as a sense of fun. Already she has shown that she has fashion sense.

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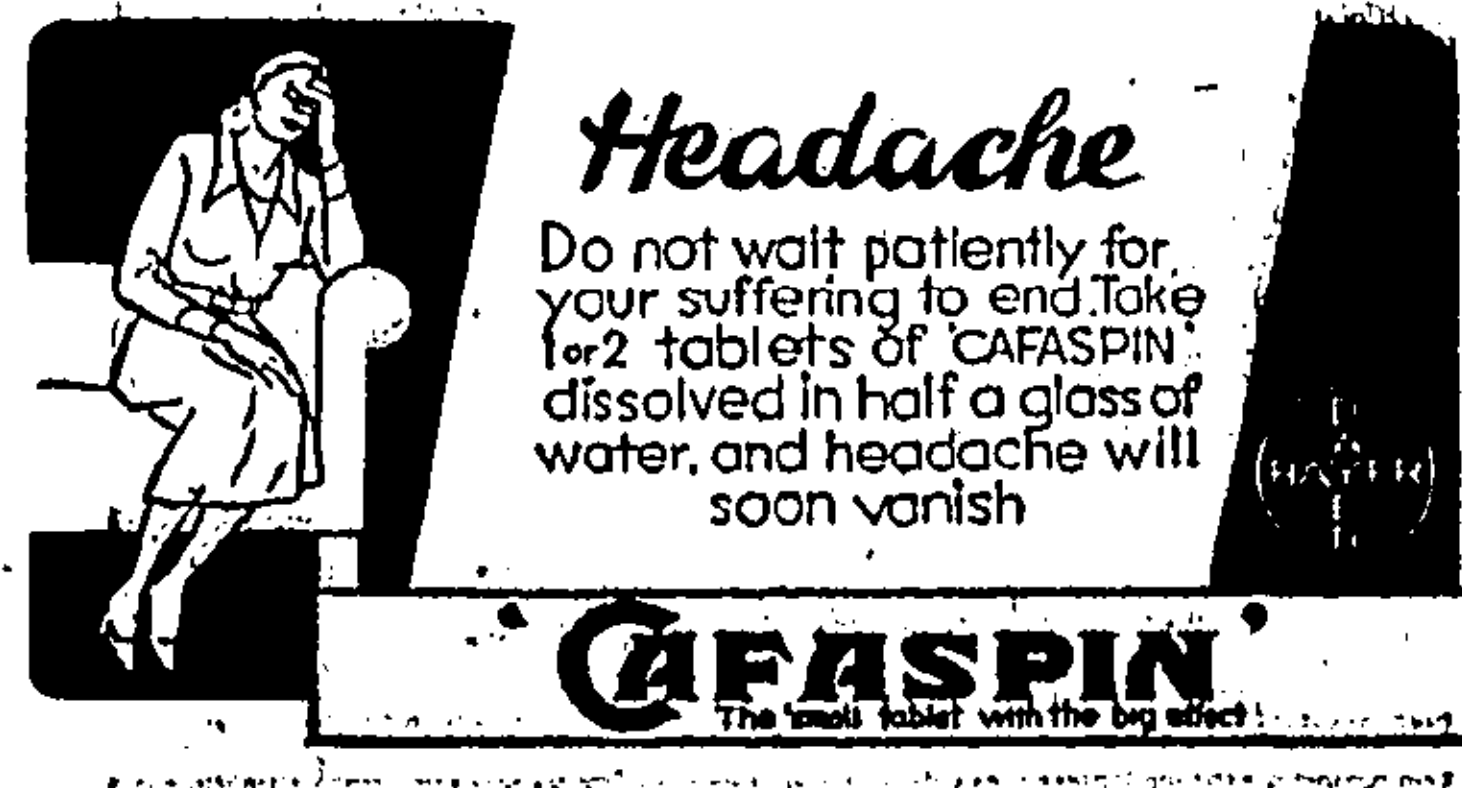
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112, Avenida Almeida Ribeiro, Macao.

64, Rue Mal De Latre De Tassigny, Saigon, Sud-Vietnam

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Headache

Do not wait patiently for your suffering to end. Take 2 tablets of CAFASPIN dissolved in half a glass of water, and headache will soon vanish.

CAFASPIN

The small tablet with the big effect.

Yes, once again I bring you the picture of the year—John Huston's "Beat The Devil". Watch your daily ads. Harry Odell.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

To keep zippers from being damaged, close them before washing or ironing the garment.

To keep brown sugar soft, place it in a tight or plastic canister with a small, damp cloth. Moisten the cloth occasionally.

Don't iron creases in the same place in linen napkins and table-covers. Repeated pressing of the same crease may break the thread and shorten the life of the linen.

A quick lunch or supper treat that delights the children can be made this way. Split hot dogs and put them on top of corn bread squares. Cover the squares with a cheese sauce, and broil a few minutes. Serve hot.

Cleaning fluid rings sometimes can be steamed out by holding the fabric over a tea kettle.

Keep floor rugs from slipping by sewing preserving fat rubber rings to the corners.

Coat doughnuts easily with sugar by shaking them in a paper bag containing a small amount of powdered sugar.

An occasional application of liquid wax will beautify your wrought iron house furnishings and accessories and protect them against corrosion.

You can restore the shine to the beads on hair brushes by rinsing them in a solution of alum and water.

What you can learn

by dragging

a Parker "51" Pen

around by the hair...

Parker's new
Electro-Polished
Points are the
smoothest
ever made

This proves that the Parker "51" Pen's new Electro-Polished points are so incredibly smooth that they write with no pressure at all!

The reason? Parker's new Electro-Polishing process removes any trace of roughness from the point. The

result: absolute smoothness. Try a new Parker "51" soon. Now, more than ever, the world's most-wanted pen. Choice of writing points.

For best results in this and all other pens, use Parker Quink; the only ink containing talcum.

Parker ROLLED GOLD CAP PEN HK502 Ref. HK503

Sole Agents: SHIRIO (CHINA) LIMITED, British Building, Duddell Street

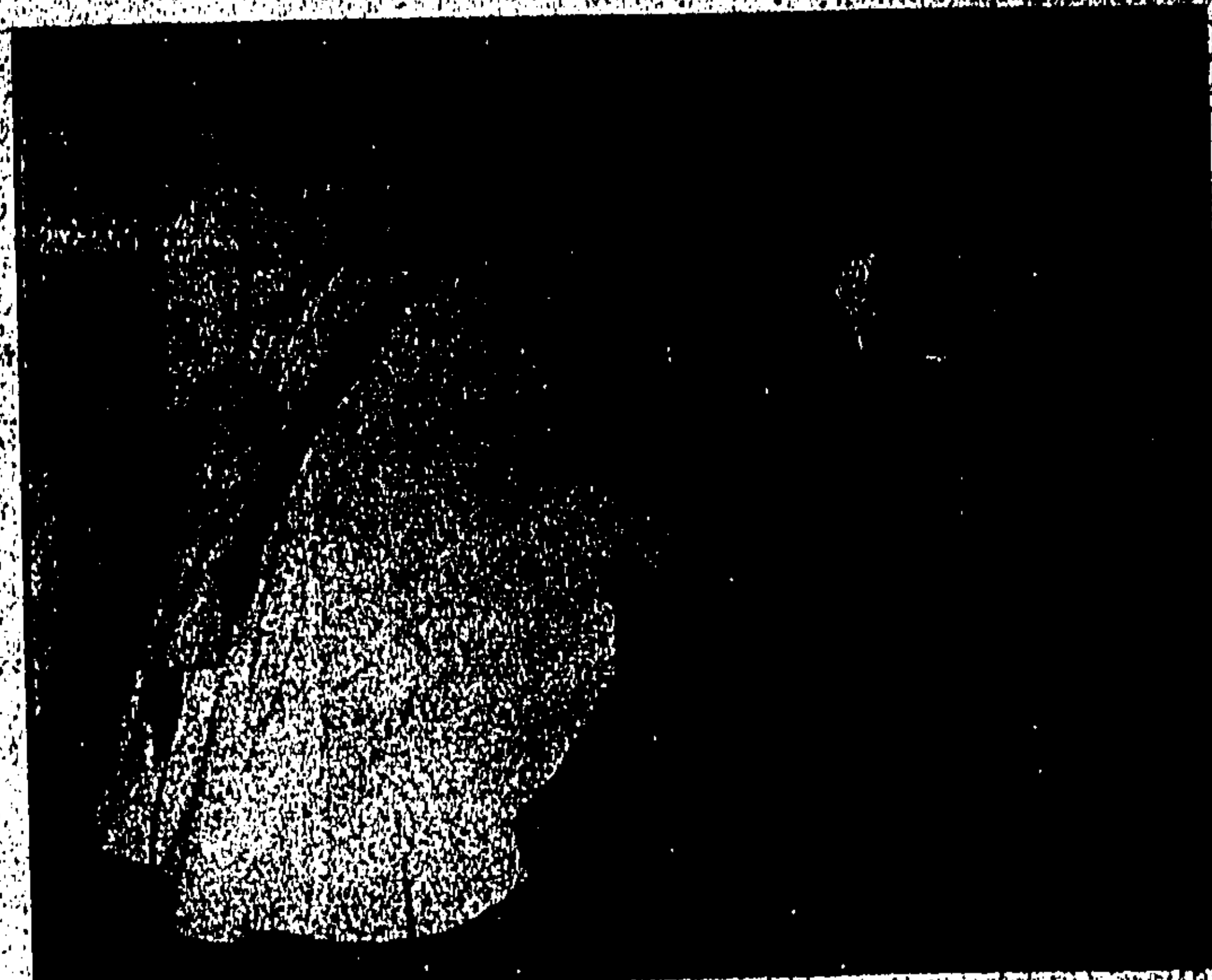
PEN REPAIR SERVICE, 11, NORTH ARCADE, ALEXANDRIA HOUSE



THE Social Welfare Officer, Mr Kenneth Keen, cutting the tape to mark the opening of the Hong-kong Kaitong Bathing Pavilion at Taiwan Beach last week. (Staff Photographer)



BRIDAL party outside St John's Cathedral last Monday, when the wedding took place of Miss Florence Tong and Dr Joseph Cheung. (Staff Photographer)



HIS Excellency the Officer Administering the Government, Mr R. B. Black, arriving for the Liberation Day service at St John's Cathedral last Sunday, is seen greeted by the Dean, the Very Rev. F. S. Temple. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Baby Robert, son of Chief Inspector A. E. G. Wheeler, of the Hongkong Police, and Mrs Wheeler, photographed with his parents, brother and sister, after his christening at St John's Cathedral. (C. K. Pang)



MEMBERS of the MG Platoon, Support Coy, Hongkong Regiment, at a unit dinner held at the Ying King Restaurant. Lt R. Obilias, OC of the Platoon, is seated on extreme right.



MRS Fung Ping-fan, wife of the Commissioner of the St John Ambulance Brigade, presenting a trophy to a nursing member at the conclusion of the annual Brigade swimming sports, held at the Ritz. (Staff Photographer)



MAJOR-GENERAL R. C. Criddle, GOC Land Forces, bidding farewell to officers of the 1st Battalion, Royal Norfolk Regiment, which left Hongkong this week in the troopship Devonshire. (Army PRO)



LEFT: Friends of Mr and Mrs D. A. Chapman at the christening of their son, Kenneth Austin, at St Joseph's Church last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



ABOVE, right: At farewell cocktail party given at the American Club to Mr T. B. Wilson before his departure for America. From left: Mr J. T. Prior, Mr Wilfred Wong, Mr W. T. Stanton, Mr Wilson and Mr A. A. Dorrance. (Willie's)



FEEL FITTER - FIT PHILCO
MODEL 842-F-1
THE WORLD'S FIRST 4-HIP ROOM AIR-CONDITIONER WITH COMPLETELY ADJUSTABLE WINDOW MOUNTING.

The new PHILCO can, in most cases, be mounted flush with inside window sill - takes up no space in room. And only the PHILCO air conditioner has TRUE Automatic Temperature Control. Keeps temperature at desired level - no manual adjusting. CAUTION: Read instructions carefully before installing unit on window.

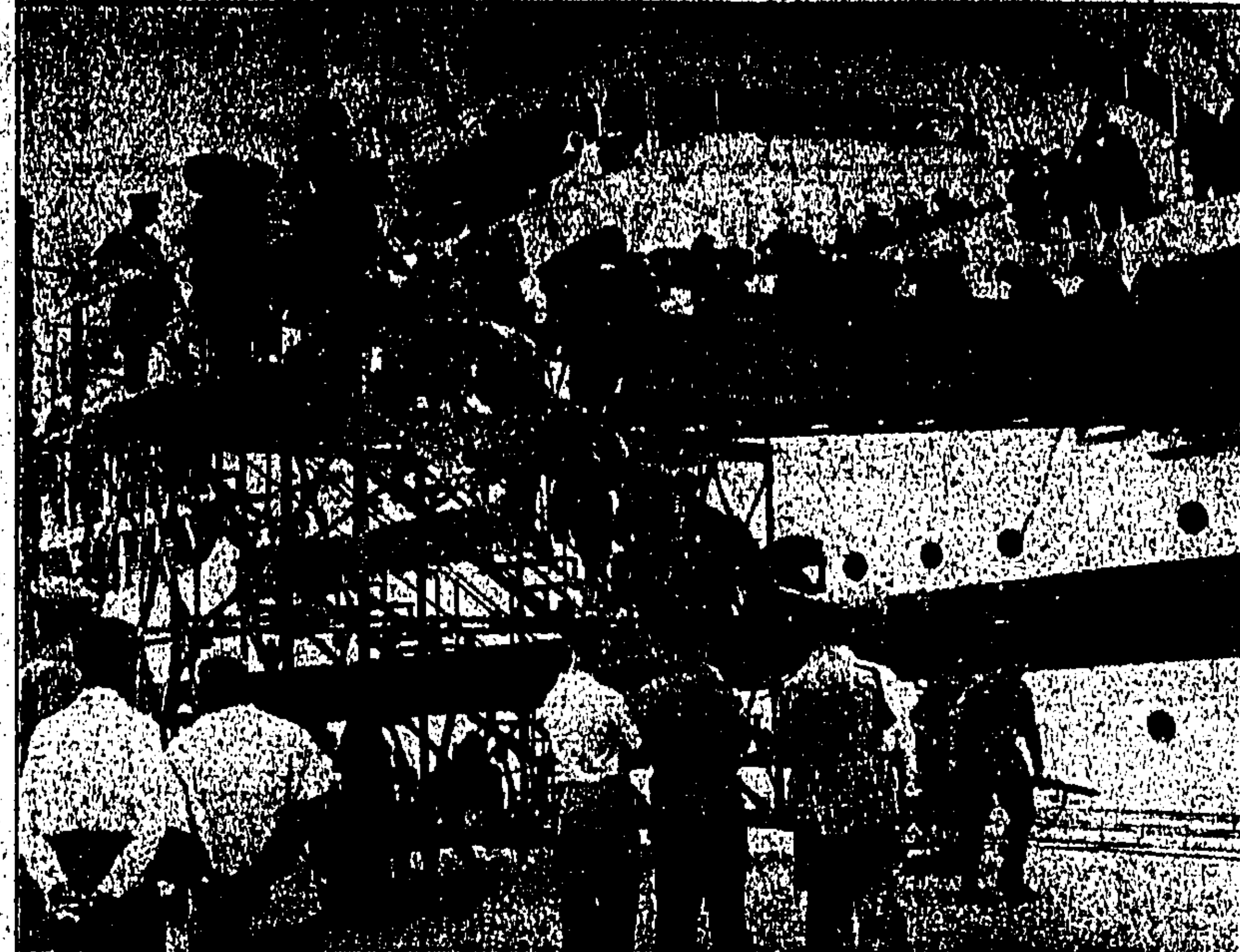
SEE MANAGER

A REMINDER
Inspect our attractive
Jumpers
and
Blouses
for day, evening, sportswear
in all sizes, styles & colours
from \$15 to \$95

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LTD.
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IN light tropical suit, Mr Clement Attlee (left) steps off the special train that brought him and his party from Canton to Lowu at the conclusion of their visit to Red China on Wednesday. At the Tsimsatsui railway station (above) Mr Attlee, Mr Aneurin Bevan and other members of the Labour Party delegation were welcomed by the Committee of the Chinese Reform Club. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Two pictures taken at the Kowloon Wharves when the 1st Battalion, the Essex Regiment, disembarked from the troopship, Devonshire. The ship rode out last week-end's typhoon in the open sea, and came into port on Monday. (Staff Photographer)



SERVICEMEN who left last week in the troopship Empire Halladale played a friendly England v. Scotland soccer match at the Merchant Navy Club before departure. The game was drawn. Above shows those who took part. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: At the Liberation Day cocktail party held at the Petty Officers' and Sergeants' Mess of the Royal Hong Kong Defence Force. Picture is of Mr. C. A. J. V. Ribeiro and party. (Staff Photographer)



STUDENTS from La Salle College who qualified in various lifesaving tests at Laichikok recently. Mr R. N. Oliver, Honorary Representative of the Royal Lifesaving Society, who examined the candidates, is seated fourth from right in second row. (Staff Photographer)

Don't wait till the heatwaves hit the headlines...

H.K. MERCURY REACHES 93.5

AUGUST 15, 1954

Install a

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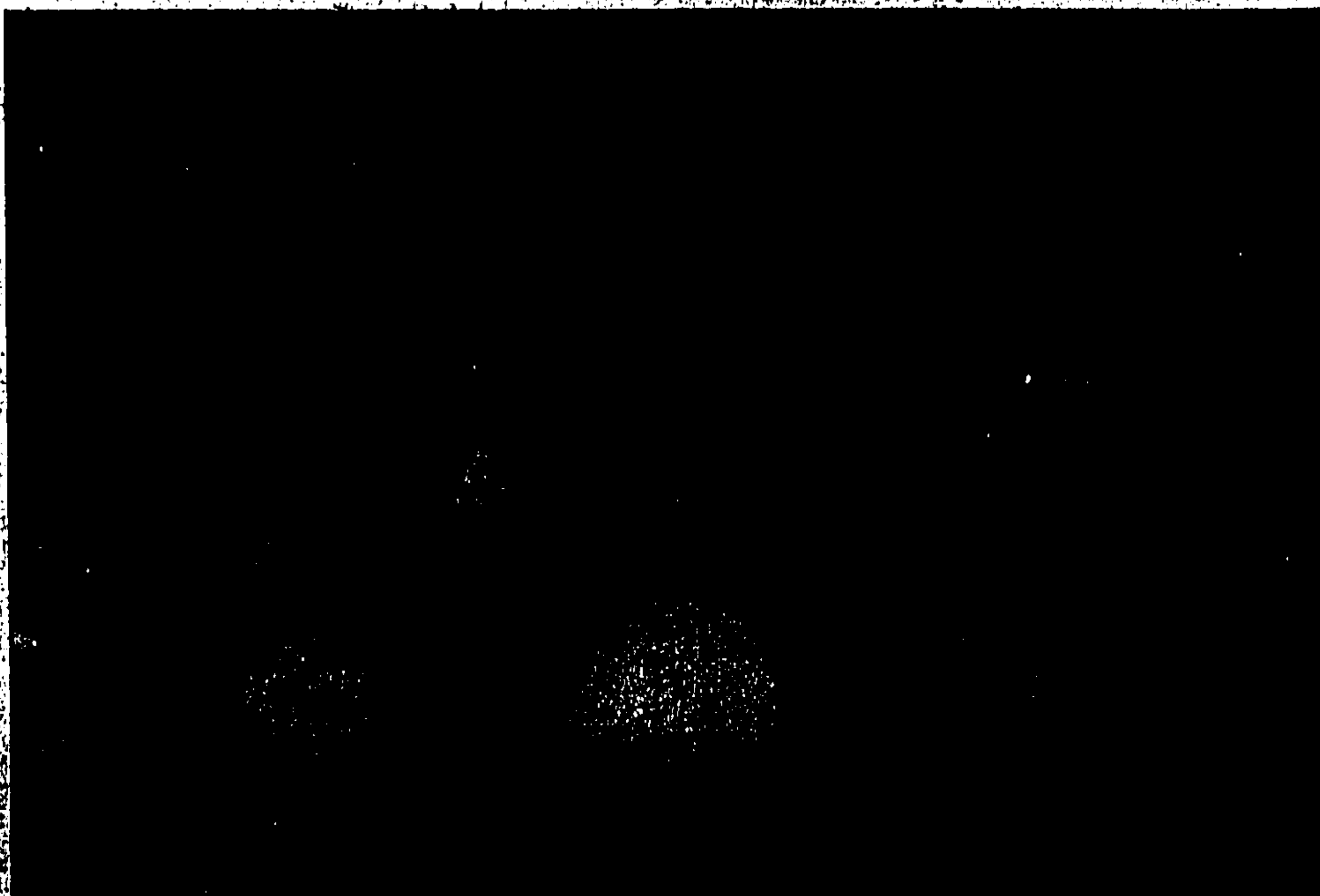
Room Air Conditioner

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THE CAP WITH A DIFFERENCE

Made in one piece from pliable felt.

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Fits the head like a hat.

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SCOTT'S FELT CAPS

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HONG KONG

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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

★ ★ ★

BRIGHTEN UP YOUR BASEMENT

By ELEANOR ROSS

DURING our visiting around this summer, we've been admiring various home improvements, some of the do-it-yourself variety, others professional work.

Very often a comparative small alteration or improvement can drastically change a room and add immeasurably to the value of a house.

For example, that old, next-to-useless window high in a basement wall, found in so many older houses, can become the nucleus for a handsome picture window. A handy person can easily transform it from a viewless, lightless opening into a window which lets in light and beauty and so provides a backdrop for a livable basement room.

A ROOM WITH A VIEW

The trick is to provide a view where none exists now, and then add a window.

First step is to decide on the size of the new window. When this decision is made, measure its height and remove the earth outside the present window to a depth somewhat lower than the planned height, to provide the necessary space for a sill.

Then, enlarge the excavation so that it runs back at least six to eight feet, the further away from the basement wall the better. The sides and end should be curved for a more picturesque view. Squared ends or sharp corners are never seen in good landscaping.

As you excavate, save the small stones; these will come in handy for the retaining wall.

Next comes the building of the stone retaining wall,

which may be either a dry wall or one bonded with cement. Both are decorative and satisfactory, although the former is easier to build.

Consult your local stone dealer or contractor for the desired quantity and varieties available.

CREATE POSSIBILITIES

Once the basic "view" has been constructed, you have only to install the window. This will undoubtedly mean breaking through part of the basement wall, but from the results we have seen, it is decidedly worth it.

A cellar which admits no sunshine, a cellar without a view, in short, a cellar which is only a cellar, has few possibilities. By adding a picture window, you can build a rumpus room around it, or an extra living room downstairs.

With sunshine pouring in through your picture window, and shrubs and flowers planted where they can be seen from inside, you will have achieved a livable, comfortable and beautiful extra room.

FAMILY PICNICS

By GARRY C. MYERS, Ph.D.

SUMMER is a good time for family outings and picnics.

Except in big cities, the family need not go very far to find a good place for such fun together. While it may be at, or near, a place of amusement, it usually affords best values when it's not. When the family finds a picnic place where all can eat together in the open and make their own amusement, they strengthen the family ties. They grow more united.

EAGER TO HELP

Children old enough to help, feel a strong motive to help prepare the food and pack it and the other needed equipment in the car. At the picnic place, they may help assemble the food, build the fire and prepare the meal. The picnic meal ended, they can help pack things for the return home, clean up all litter and make sure the fire is wholly extinguished.

Properly guided by the parents, and encouraged by a child who may be a Scout, all may practice good citizenship. Vividly do I remember when my eldest son, then a Boy Scout, rebuked me for throwing banana peels back of some bushes while we were eating in a wooded place by the highway. I repented and apologized for having done it.

The family picnic affords children opportunity, also, to learn useful skills and have practice in responsibility.

BAD HABITS

Unfortunately, some parents will go hiking and picnicking with their children to places not provided by the public authorities, without permission of the owner of the property. Worse still, the parents, with their children, may leave gates open, break down fences, trample over them, trample down crops, and build fires in dangerous places, especially in city. How would you and I feel if we were the owners of the property being misused?

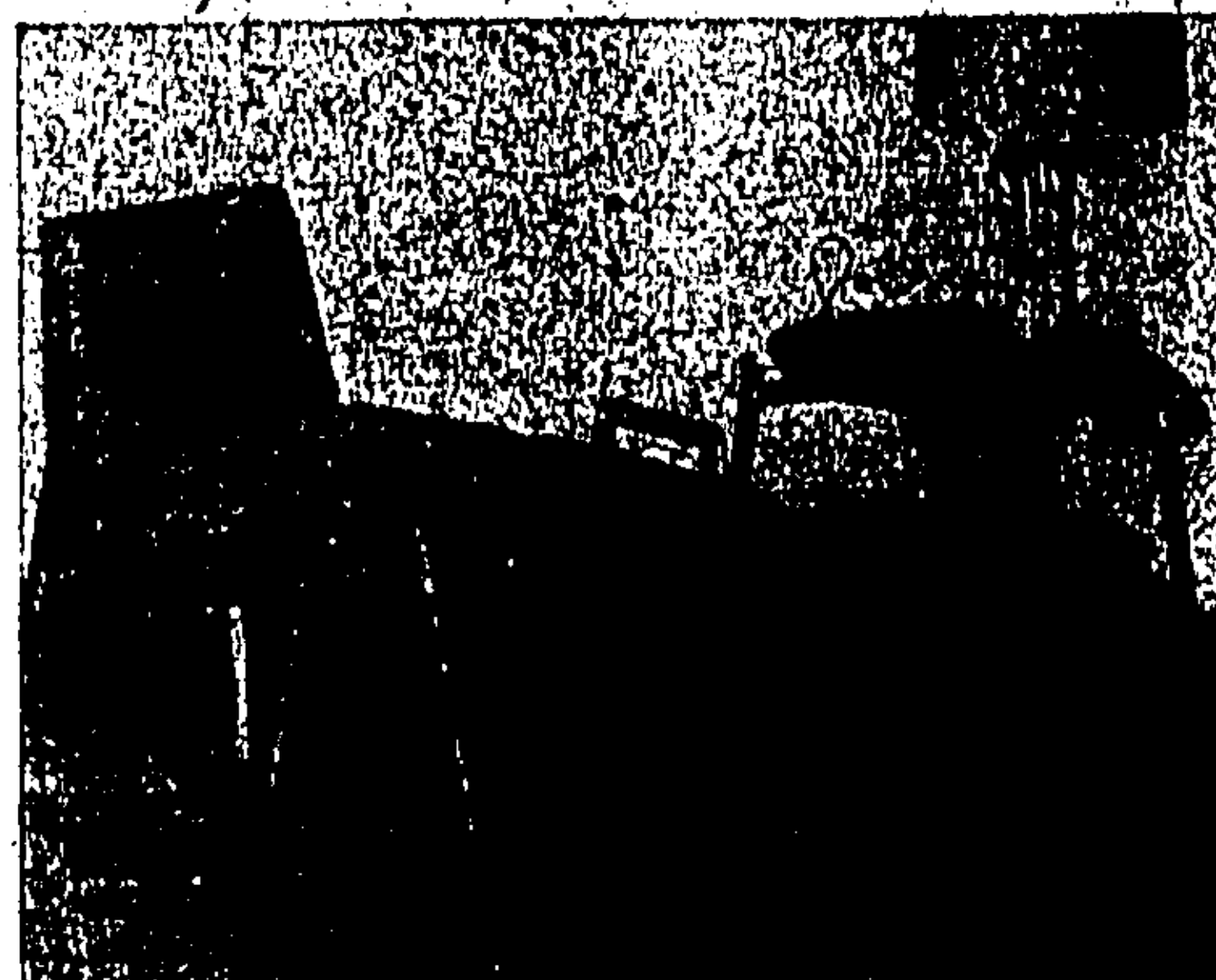
The material damage such trespassers do is bad enough, but there is also moral harm done, the children learn this exercise of bad citizenship.

At home, with back yards and shade trees, it's fine for the family during summer to enjoy the outdoors. But the children must be taught to respect the property of others.

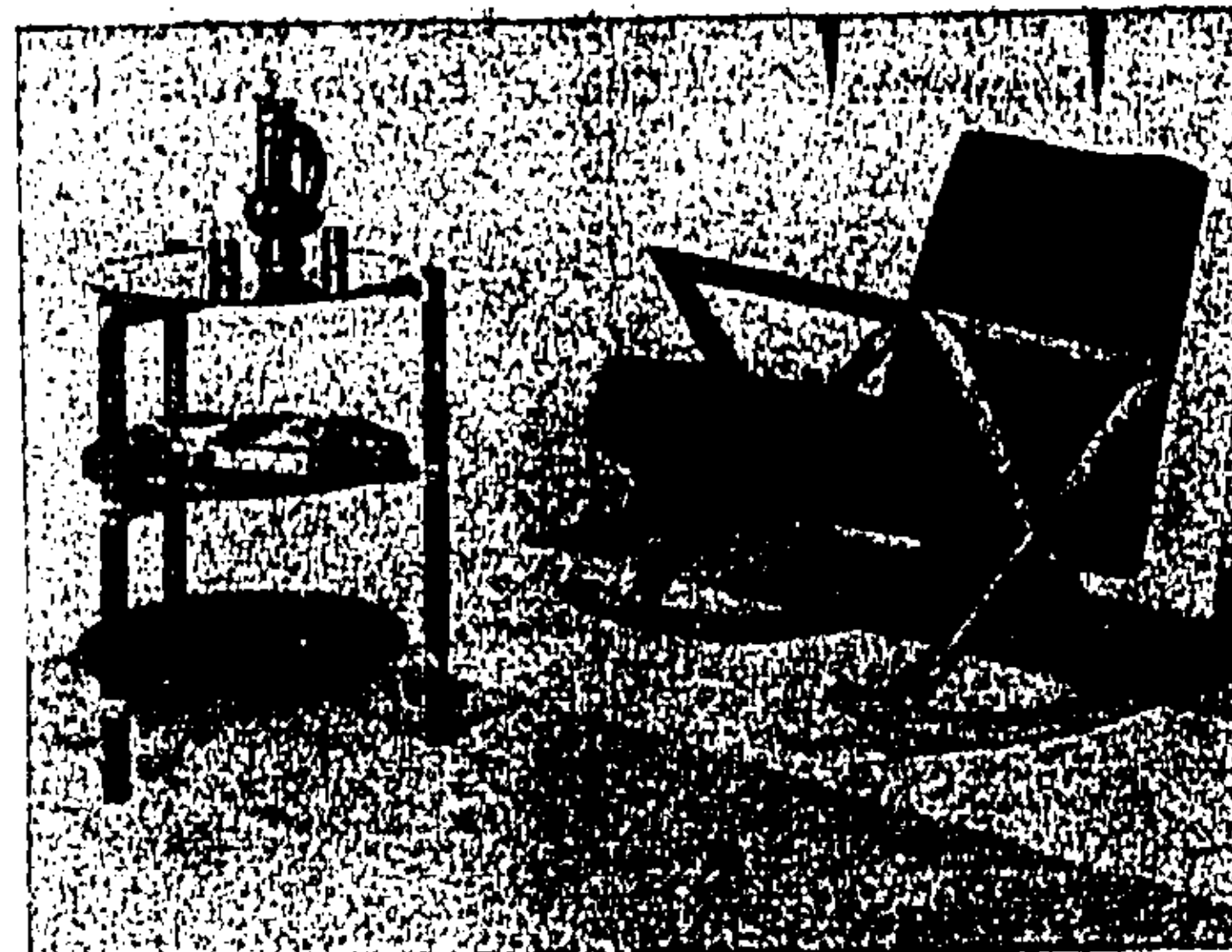
★ Designed Along Modern Lines ★



BRAIDED NYLON CORD is used to make the back and seat of a comfortable lounge chair designed along trim, ultra-modern lines.



GREAT ELEGANCE and simplicity go hand in hand in this duet—a chair and an ottoman with handles to make moving easy.



OLD ROCKING CHAIR never looked newer than it does here. Lines are very slim and sleek. Foam rubber upholstery is fashionably flat.



A SWIVEL CHAIR with a view, for dressing table use, has a large mirror that's magically stored in the chair back when it's not in use.



FOR MILADY'S BOUDOIR, a charming slipper chair and a matching triangular bench are dainty and at home in any period room.

THE chairs presented on today's page are attractive, comfortable and practical. Some of them have special features.

First, there's a lightweight lounge chair with ultra-modern styling. The back and seat are made of durable braided nylon cord, strung so it looks like the horizontal stringing on a tennis racket. The frame is laminated wood, while crossbars and legs are polished aluminium. It's surprisingly comfortable.

Next, comes a chair with ottoman for Papa. Both pieces have foam rubber seats and back with mahogany frames. That spells relaxation in a big way. The ottoman is designed with attractive handles to make moving easy. Mom can use

By JOAN O'SULLIVAN

this for extra seating when the chairs run out.

That old rocking chair is back in a new modern style. It has a streamlined blond finish mahogany frame and flat foam rubber upholstery. Strikingly simple in design, it's a real beauty, with all the comfort of the favourite old rocker style.

For Mama, the wonder chair of all is for her dressing table. It's a boudoir design with sponge rubber upholstery that has a mirror magically hidden in it. Lift the mirror from its recess in the back of the chair, raise it to the height right for you, and you have back or profile views of your hairdo. The chair seat swivels, giving you a wide range of view.

Two other boudoir styles that are hard to resist are a charming slipper chair and a matching triangular bench from a 19th century Biedermeier group.

The chair looks nice in painted or wood finishes. The bench, with brass legs, may be used as a foot stool or for seating. Both pieces are daintily styled and would be at home with bedroom furnishings of any period.

WHAT IS A CALORIE, ANYHOW?

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

A LOT of people do a lot of talking about a lot of things they don't know a whole lot about. For example, what's a calorie?

Ha—ask me something hard! A calorie is . . . well, now, let's see. A calorie . . . you said calorie, didn't you? Yes, of course . . . a calorie. A calorie is . . . well—ell, there're calories in butter, you know. And bread. Not so many in lettuce . . . er, that is, there are high-calorie and low-calorie foods, and . . . well, if you're so smart, you tell ME.

So we glibly toss the word around, often without thought of what it means. Here's a definition. A calorie is the amount of heat that will raise one gram of water in temperature from zero degrees Centigrade to one degree Centigrade—or from 10 to 11 or 16 to 17 degrees; etc. Isn't that helpful? We don't think in terms of grams or Centigrade, and who cares about raising water one degree in temperature? When we raise the temperature of water we want it to boil. And supposing this to be a useful measure of heat-raising potential, what does it have to do with the food we eat—or refrain from eating—to keep that waistline under control?

That brings up some very interesting experimental work carried out more than a hundred years ago by the French chemist, Lavoisier, who compared the heat produced by a human being with that produced by burning the same amount of food. He found that the heat produced by a human being was exactly the same as the heat produced by burning the same amount of food.

The basic calorie is too small to be practical, so the unit employed in nutrition is the large calorie, which is 1,000 small calories, and may be designated by a capital "C." In simplest terms, experiments have proved that the human body uses the Calorie potentials in food by a process closely similar to the burning of fuel substances in the presence of oxygen. A fire of coal, oil, wood or rubbish burns with a flame and produces heat; the human nutritional "fire" produces no flame. It burns slowly, generating heat and energy. The unused food fuel is stored as fat. That is the basis for weight control.

Now that we know what a Calorie really is, we must learn how the Calorie value of foods has been determined. Simple analysis will give the amount of protein, carbohydrates and fat in a given food, and we know from many observations in the laboratory that protein and carbohydrates are burned to carbon dioxide and water, and that fat is burned to carbon dioxide and water.

The heat produced by the burning of these substances is measured by a device called a calorimeter. The heat produced by the burning of a given amount of food is then compared with the heat produced by the burning of a known amount of a substance whose Calorie value is known.

some ice in a chamber together, where he could measure the amount of candle heat required to melt that same amount of ice.

Other pioneer experimenters were Voss and Pettekofer, who built a sort of Rubie Goldberg contraption by which they could measure the amount of oxygen consumed and carbon dioxide given off by animals in the process of living. And that brings us back to the Calorie.

By tremendous labour and tedious, practically every known edible substance has now been tested for Calorie value, thus providing the basis for much scientific and unsentimental dieting, and innumerable discussions about the bridge, canasta and Scrabble games.

Anyhow, now you know what a Calorie is. At any rate, they certainly do add spice and colour to a room, and they come in practical fabrics, too, that are especially good for summer, such as in brilliant or pastel dapples, printed sailcloth or corduroy.

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POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER



"Now this morning, children, we're going to learn all about the kindly old Austro-player who liberated Silesia."

NANCY SPAIN FLIES BACK 50 YEARS TO HEAR AN ANGEL ORDER: 'Fix Wings At 10.30...'

WHAT makes an immortal? Hoping to find the answer, I joyfully read FIFTY YEARS OF PETER PAN (Peter Davies, 21s.). I wasn't disappointed.

J. M. Barrie, first ran up the idea of a flying boy who wouldn't grow up to amuse five little boys called Davies when they went for walks with Barrie in Kensington Gardens.

The Gardens have always been haunted by fairies

(Thomas Tickle wrote a poem about them in 1722), so it was reasonable for P. Pan to live among them, on an island in the Serpentine.

Then the Davis boys went to school and on their walks they talked of nothing but school gossip. This bored Barrie, so to lure back their imaginations he invented a "wrecked island" populated by pirates, Redskins, and characters in fiction, notably the hero of "Paradise Lost," Satan-Lucifer, the angel who rebelled and fell from heaven, appears in Peter Pan as Captain Hook ... the Old Etonian pirate.

received postcards stating the place of rehearsal and the cryptic message "Flying ... 10.30." They had no idea what they were in for.

Peter Pan first saw the light on December 27, 1904. Everybody loved it, except Anthony ("Prisoner of Zenda") Hope and Sir Max Beerbohm.

And now, 50 years after, Peter Pan is to actors. Until you have cut your hair off and whizzed through the air in jackboots you haven't arrived. Fay Compton, Dorothy Dickson, Brenda Bruce, Anna Neagle, Margaret Lockwood—they have all had a bash at the part. And everybody quarrels over who was the greatest Peter of them all. Jean Forbes-Robertson was Peter when I was a tot, so to me Jean Forbes-Robertson is the only Peter.

I wonder what Peter and Nicholas Davies think? After all, it was for them that Peter first flew, first said: "To die will be an awfully big adventure." After 50 years they have repaid their debt. For they are the publishers of this gay and readable book.

The guardian

MISS JILL CHRISTIAN is back with a new and glowing romance, DARLING GIRL (Herbert Jenkins, 9s. 6d.). I loved every darling word of it.

Felicity Hillard is our heroine. She is 19 when the story opens with a "wild, proud, virgin look in her eyes." And she is head over heels in love with Charles Truscott, aged 27, a pipe-smoking solicitor.

Charles has become Felicity's guardian. So Felicity comes to live in Wilcote, his old ancestral home.

She is very provocative all over the place, sometimes in pale gold satin (the exact shade of her polished hair), sometimes in jeans.

The warning

Apart from Hook the characters in the story were all named to please his friends. Wendy was a child friend Wendy Barrie as "Friendly" and Wendy was as near as she could get to it. Various subsidiary pirates were called after writer chums—Alf Mason was A. E. W. Mason, Alan Herb was A. P. Herbert. And Nana was Barrie's own St Bernard dog Porthos.

Yet no one can claim to be Peter. Barrie says he made him by rubbing all five Davis boys "violently together, as savages with two sticks produce a flame. So Barrie, from these small beginnings, wrote the play.

Beerbohm Tree said it would be no good. He even warned other managements that Barrie had gone mad. But Charles Frohman, "Angel" of the Edwardian era, fell in love with it; Dion Boucicault II produced it; and Nina Boucicault and Hilda Trevelyan played Peter and Wendy respectively.

These two actresses were much perturbed when they

THE NEW BOOKS

This maddens Lora. Lora is Charles's fiancée. Lora is one of those career women who reply "I'm in conference" when they receive a proposal of marriage by telephone. She calls Irish stew "goatish" and she dresses in smart black suits. And she wants to turn Wilcote into a block of self-contained flats for business women.

Oh, yes. She is every inch a career girl.

It is the proposed alteration of his old ancestral home that finishes Charles. Anger "curls in his mind like a fog." Then he breaks off the engagement. Then he realises it is Felicity whom he really loves. And Felicity nestles in his arms "like a small bird come home to rest."

There now! That's what I call a romance.

The pretty girl

A FINE romance ... a fine thriller: what more can anyone want at the end of a wet week? Patrick Quentin's THE WIFE OF RONALD SHELDON (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.) is just the job.

Ronald Sheldon is a rich and monstrous millionaire book publisher. He has a partner, Jake, whose wife suddenly jumped after 17 years of happy matrimony. (She jumped because she was having an affair with Ronald, but Jake doesn't know that). Jake has a son called Bill, who is even sulkier.

Ronald Sheldon comes back from Europe with (a) a new author; (b) the author's muse; (c) the author's daughter. The daughter is a very pretty girl called Jean, so Ronnie marries her, just to keep everything in the family.

The question

Aha! But then Bill falls in love with Jean. And Ronnie catches the guilty pair clasped in one another's arms. Ronnie is furious. And someone shoots Ronnie.

Well, there you are: which of 'em did it? The wife, the lover, the muse, or the author? As nice a bit of tangled knittin' about as nearly a lot of characters as I ever want to meet in a month of literary luncheons.

PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

EVENING CLASSES

Londoners can learn "saw doctoring" at Brixton or barge building at Poplar. This information illustrates the range of subjects which can be studied at evening classes in London.

A complete alphabetical list, beginning with accountancy and ending with zoology, appears in "Floodlight," the London County Council's annual guide to evening classes just published.

The enthusiast may revel in armature winding or Afrikaans, in lingerie or logic. Many of the subjects are of course, those which one would expect to find—as such home dressmaking, typewriting, carpentry, engineering.

"Floodlight" tells that Londoners study commercial travelling and criminology, hardware and Hebrew, Welsh and watchmaking.

Beginning at the end of September thousands of men and women will be enrolling at the scores of Evening Institutes which are maintained or aided by the London County Council. In recent years about 185,000 students have been attending classes at polytechnics, colleges and schools of art. With day students, it is estimated that more than 300,000 people are receiving some kind of further education in London.

Because of its clip-bare back and bobbles in the case of the standard—the Poodle was in the past treated as a music hall joke, but, in fact, it is extraordinarily intelligent and dislikes fuss.

There was a good reason for the clip. At one time the Poodle was used a lot on the continent for water fowling and the bobbles on the legs could provide extra leverage in the event of the dog becoming entangled with thick mud of shilling sands.

MORE ART TO LOVERS

To struggling artists in their attics and their back bed-sitting rooms—the news called for a bottle of cheap red wine in celebration.

The British public, suddenly getting art-conscious, are buying more pictures. Sales by the Royal Academy, whose summer exhibition has just closed, have struck a half-century record.

The public spent £230,982 to buy 557 pictures; prices ranged from four guineas to £1,000. Last year only 443 pictures were sold for £21,001.

This year, also, the Poor Artists' Exhibition on Chelsea Embankment and Hampstead drew more buyers than ever before who were prepared to pay anything from 10 shillings to 20 guineas for a decorative work.

The public, too, is changing its art tastes.

No longer do brightly coloured geometrical designs labelled "Sunrise" or "Young Girl" draw admiring crowds.

To hang in their homes, the British people are veering back to landscapes and flowers.

GRASS STEAK

In the not too distant future, Britons may be getting beef steaks straight off the lawn—with not a prime steer in sight.

For right now Britain's top scientists are so convinced that they can extract proteins direct from grass that four of the Ministry of Agriculture's institutes are working on the problem.

They have got as far as studying the most suitable fertilisers, the best ways of cropping the grass, and the machinery to process it.

The steer, they point out, needs four stomachs to do the

job and three or four years to grow to its prime. Why shouldn't science be able to do it in one process and with no time-waste?

COMPLEX BUSINESS

Modern diplomacy is a pretty complex affair. But we didn't know it was THIS complex.

An advertisement from the United Kingdom High Commissioner's Office, inserted in a Canberra newspaper said: "Wanted. Shorthand typist. Salary (including cost of living) £390 to £682 according to age and experience."

The High Commissioner tersely declined to say whether or not he had had any applications.

HONEY FAMINE

This rain-drenched English summer has been bad enough for the farmers; for the beekeepers it has been ruinous.

Bee colonies up and down England have scarcely produced a pound of honey. The bees themselves have been so hungry that they have been consuming it.

As a result many a farmhouse tea will lack its customary golden comb on the table.

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

When court convened in Bombay last week there was a moment's awkward silence.

Then the prosecutor explained that he was unable to produce the £800 in Indian currency which formed a vital exhibit. Reason: A policeman had stolen them.

GET RICH QUICK

Photographers in Egypt are working fast by not photographing ex-Queen Nargis. Every time they ready their cameras her new husband, Dr Adham Nakhb, buys them off.

Only trouble: The more he pays off, the more there are waiting.

THIS IS PROGRESS

Africans in Southern Rhodesia have petitioned the government to allow them to buy European beer and wine.

They say civilisation has killed their taste for the age-old tribal "Kaffir".

The downfall of lots of newly married couples comes from trying to keep up with the up-keep.

One good thing about the bore—he doesn't talk about other people.

Of all the money spent for bathing nuts, think how little some girls have to show for it.

It takes hundreds of nuts to hold a motor car together, but only one to tear it apart.

The new cars are easier to drive, easier to steer and ride more comfortably. The only trouble is that of paying.

A card expert says lots of women make poor bridge players. They just hate to return a diamond.

A New York chorus girl got \$5,000 from a man for a broken heart. Lucky for him it wasn't one of her legs.

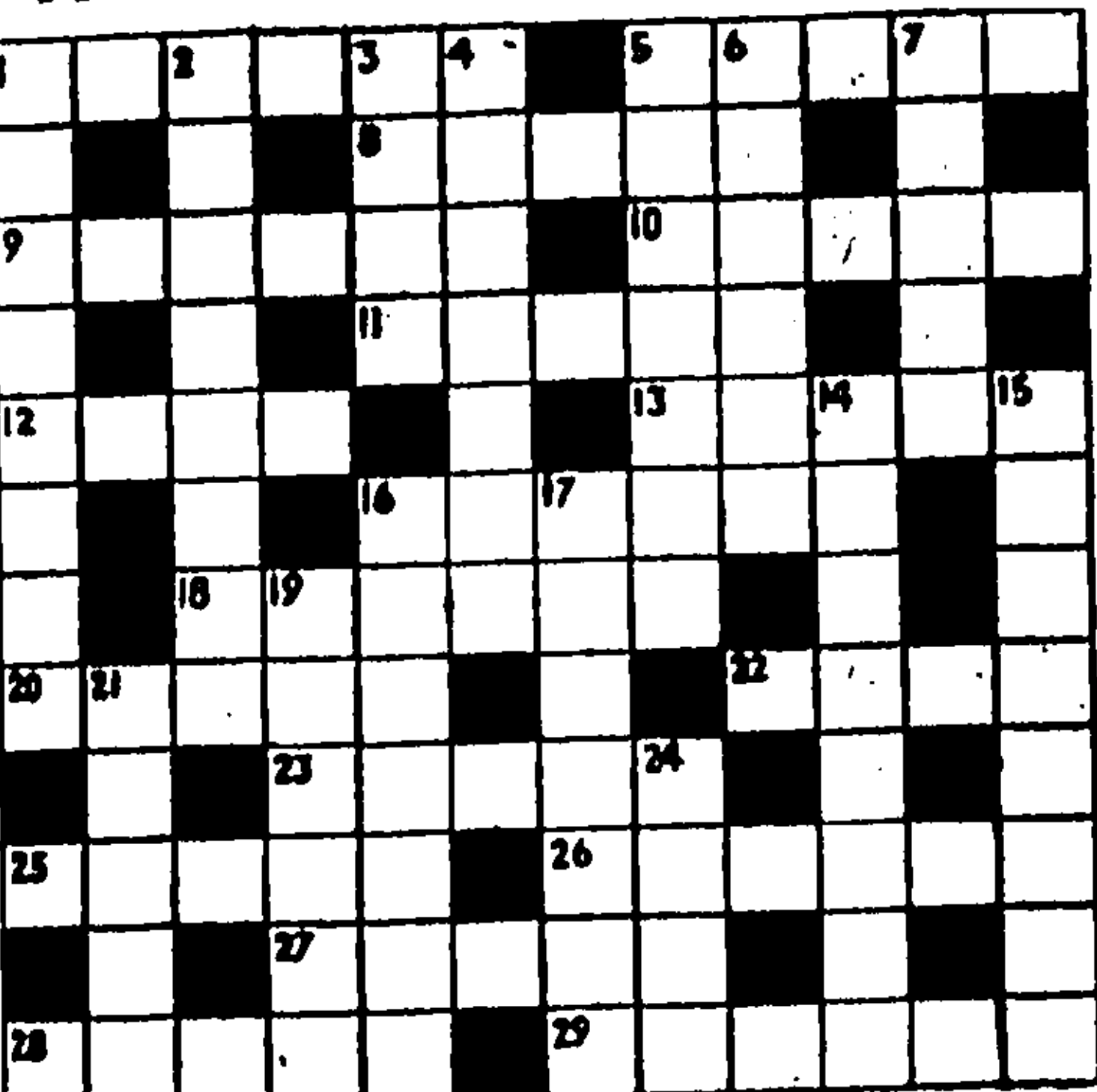
Lots of divorces are caused by the marriage of two people who are in love with themselves.

Some beautiful men drink whisky and tobacco—others drink ginger ale and pop.

It's nice that heat waves are like permanent waves—never permanent.

A woman who has been married three times says she is a better cook than when she was single.

A British Crossword Puzzle



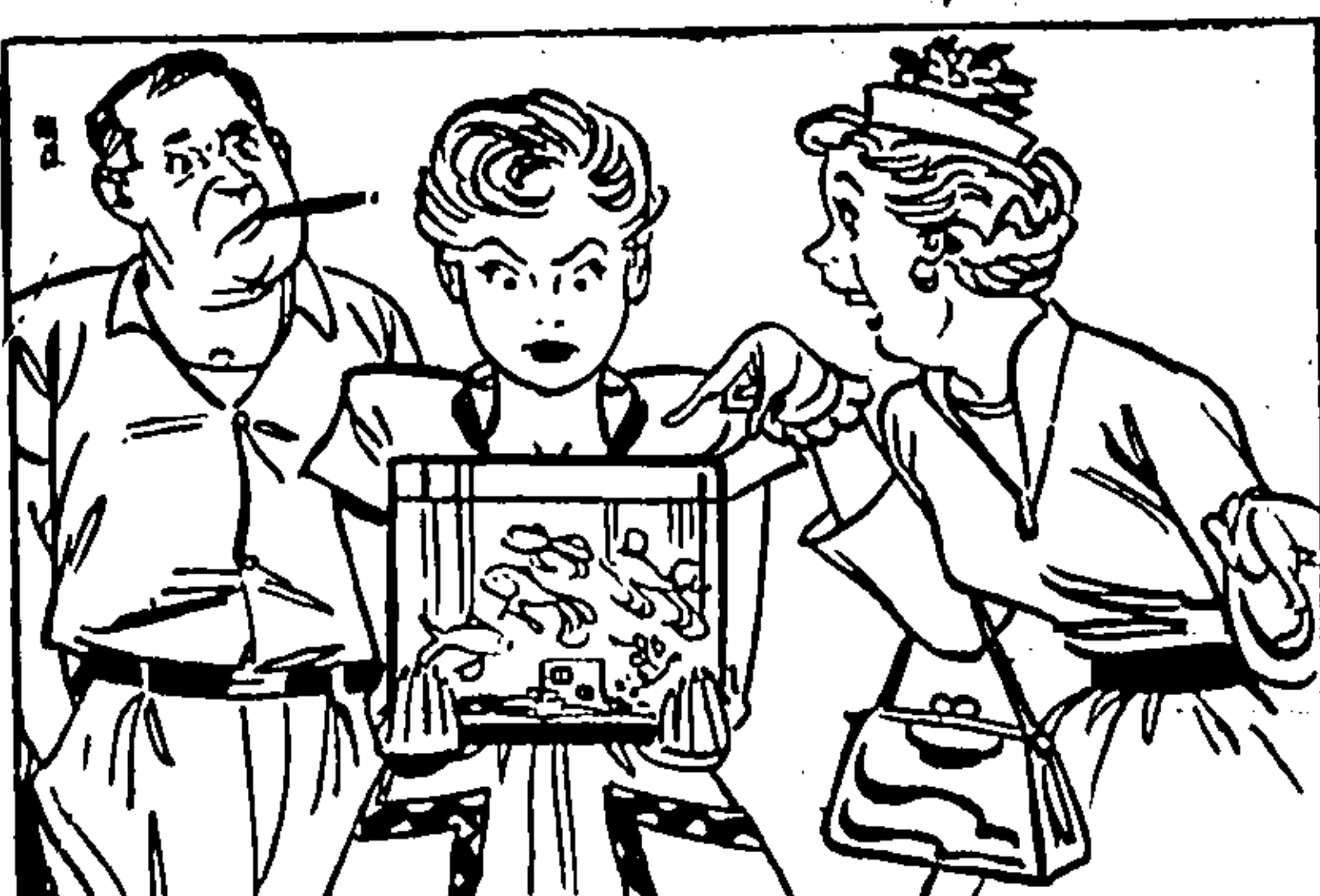
- | | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| ACROSS | DOWN |
| 1 Bandit (8). | 1 Garment (8). |
| 5 Discourage (5). | 2 Three of a kind (8). |
| 8 Desire eagerly (5). | 3 Tart (4). |
| 9 Life-giving fluid (6). | 4 Frots (7). |
| 10 Sheet of paper (5). | 5 Amount lacking (7). |
| 11 Sewer (5). | 6 Made reparation (6). |
| 12 Young animal (4). | 7 Din (5). |
| 13 Gave up (5). | 14 Mocking (8). |
| 18 Dwell (6). | 15 Mentally unbalanced (8). |
| 19 Crockery (6). | 16 Bacon slices (7). |
| 20 Experiments (5). | 17 Cut apart (7). |
| 22 Passport endorsement (4). | 18 Engraved (6). |
| 23 Applaud with shouts (5). | 21 Acre (5). |
| 25 Gather (5). | 24 Rough (4). |
| 26 Relinquish (6). | |
| 27 Made mistakes (5). | |
| 28 Ecstasy (5). | |
| 29 Protect (6). | |

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 3 Fret, 7 Hoard, 8 Adds, 9 Sun, 10 Elevate, 12 Glad, 13 Abuse, 15 Lair, 16 Robid, 21 Idola, 22 Sate, 23 Holat, 25 Flea, 26 Created, 30 Gilt, 31 Tute, 32 Infer, 33 Done, Down: 1 Folly, 2 Prevail, 4 Rates, 5 Tang, 6 Sate, 9 Star, 11 Abash, 13 Lebe, 14 Dufe, 16 Erase, 17 Tilt, 18 Lone, 20 Attains, 22 Sire, 24 Ocean, 25 Fever, 27 Lair, 28 Aged.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Parking The Pets With Neighbors

BY HARRY WEINER



LAST MINUTE INSTRUCTIONS ABOUT THE DIET FOR THE GOLDFISH —

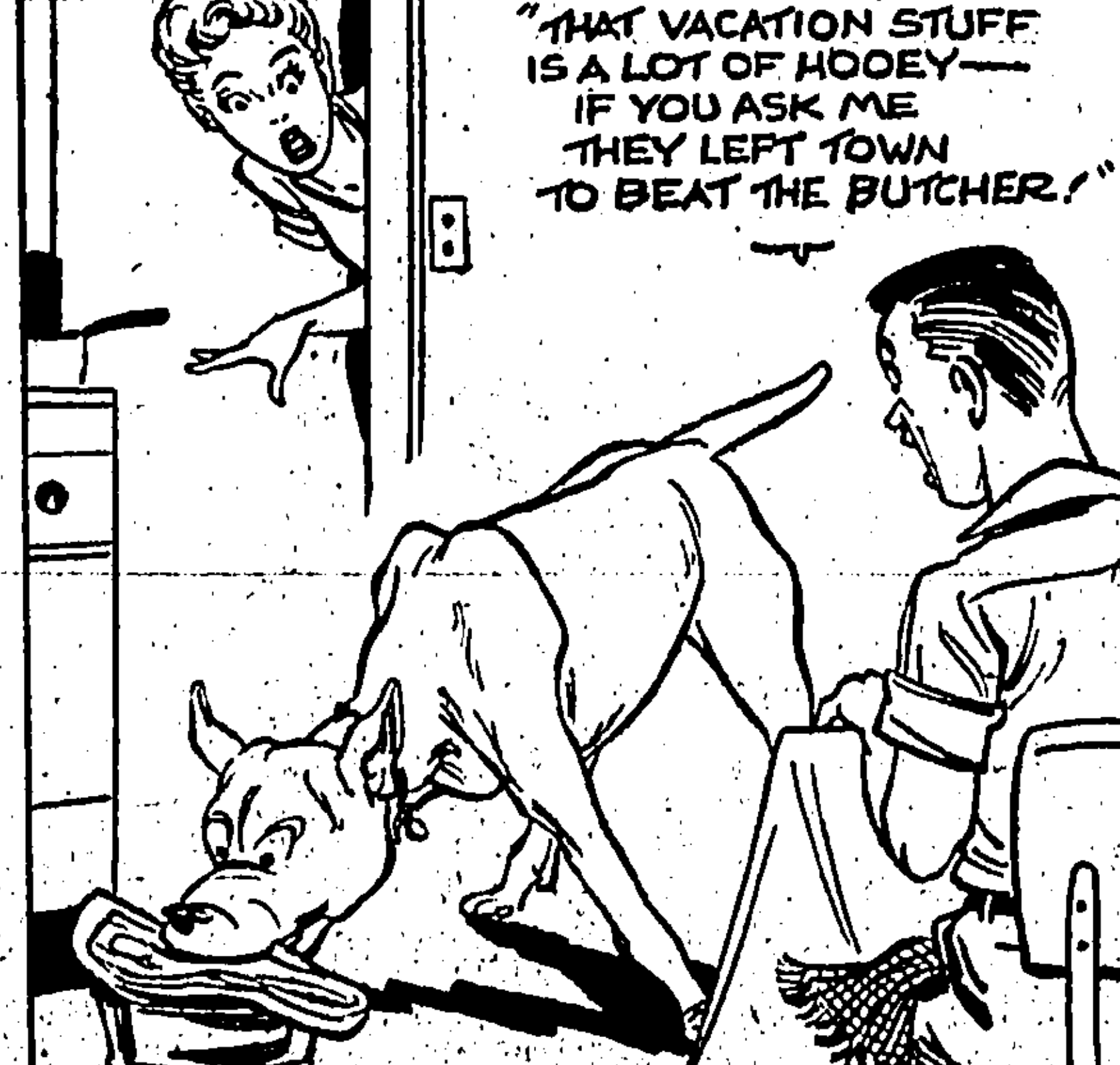


"NO, YOU CAN'T BRING YOUR RABBITS—AND ONE MORE PEEP OUT OF YOU AND YOU WON'T GO EITHER!"



"OH BROTHER! COME HERE AND LISTEN TO THIS!"

BE CAREFUL WHERE YOU PARK THE PARROT—YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT FAMILY SECRETS HE'LL IMPART



"THAT VACATION STUFF IS A LOT OF HOOEY—IF YOU ASK ME THEY LEFT TOWN TO BEAT THE BUTCHER!"



THE CACTUS IS FAIRLY TOUGH SO IT DOESN'T MATTER WHERE YOU LEAVE IT—ANY NEIGHBOR WILL DO FOR IT.



ON SECOND THOUGHT—BETTER TAKE THE CANARY WITH YOU—SUPPOSE SOMETHING WERE TO HAPPEN TO HIM AND YOU WEREN'T THERE!



WELL, SHE ASKED ME TO TAKE CARE OF THE CAT—WHAT COULD I SAY?



OF COURSE, THE DOG COULD TAKE CARE OF THE CAT—WHAT COULD I SAY?

LAWN BOWLS LEAGUE SEASON REACHES ITS PENULTIMATE STAGE

By "TOUCHER"

The 1954 Colony Lawn Bowls League season reaches its penultimate stage with this afternoon's matches. Both the First and Second Division Champions have been practically decided though there still remains a remote possibility of their being overtaken at the finishing line.

In the First Division, Recrelo "Blues", who have no match this week-end, have only to take 2½ points from Kowloon Bowling Green Club in their last League fixture to retain the League title for the third year in succession.

Should the Bowling Club bowlers repeat their 3-2 victory over the "Blues" in this game, Kowloon Cricket Club will be afforded a slender chance of attaining a maximum points in not only their match against Kowloon Dock today but also in their remaining match against Indian Recreation Club.

In the Second Division, Indian Recreation Club need only six points in their remaining two matches against KCC and KCC, to be out of range of any of the other teams.

Only the Third Division title seems to be still open and here the winners will either be the Filipino Club or Indian Recreation Club. The Filipino bowlers now enjoy a 2½-point lead over their rivals, who, however, have one game in hand.

Both these top contenders will be in action this afternoon—the Filipino Club against KCC and the Indians against Hongkong Football Club. The number of points gained by either team this afternoon will have an important bearing on the destination of the League title, which I am inclined to believe will finally go to the Indians.

An interesting feature of this year's League season is the extremely close competition among the different First Division League clubs for top honours in the league table.

No fewer than four clubs are now tied for the top position with 9½ points each, and the ups and downs of these clubs skipped by T. E. Baker, Johnny Ribeiro, Bill Hong Sling, and Joe Lapdott in their remaining matches will provide added interest to the remaining fixtures.

One feat worthy of mention is that of skip C. Roza Pereira, who originally skippered a team in the Recrelo "Whites" team and was then transferred to the Recrelo "Blues".

Roza Pereira has won all his eight matches to attain the only 100 per cent record this season and with only one match to go seems likely to be able to maintain that record.

In addition to the League matches this afternoon, lawn bowls will furnish a special attraction tomorrow at the Kowloon Bowling Green Club when one of the semi-finals of the Colony Triples Championship is due to be played off, starting at 4 p.m.

This will be between the current holders, Jack Chubb, Tommy Baker and Bill Hong Sling and D. B. Sequeira, D. C. Symons and F. R. Kernan.

It is learned that the postponed quarter-final in the other bracket of this event, between Ribeiro and Joe Meyer, W. McCall and A. Ramsay will also be played off at the KCC green on the same day.

TODAY'S GAMES
First Division
COC v Recrelo Whites
PBC v FC
KCC v KCC
KCC v IRC
Recrelo Blues (bye)

Second Division
Recrelo v USRC
TC v HKCC
HKFC v KCC
PBC v KCC
KCC v IRC (Postponed)

Third Division
KCC v FC
IRC v HKFC

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ARTHUR ELLIS, the World's greatest referee, has told the story of his career in a new book "Refereeing Round the World".... a factual, humorous and readable volume. But in this review, Brian Uridge says.....

OH! DEAR, MR ELLIS— YOU'VE BLUNDERED

Arthur Ellis, the world famous referee, readily admits that everybody can make a mistake. Since he took charge of his first football match as a lad of 16, he must have given a few wrong decisions himself. But now, Halifax-born Mr Ellis has made his biggest mistake. More than that—it's a colossal blunder. He has accused present-day English League soccer players of being "soft."

Here is what he says: "The injury bogey is so great these days that it is a player's excuse to get out of a game. The player is obviously worried about injury.... surely that does not excuse some of the babyish antics all referees see. More than once a player has asked me to bring on the trainer just because he has a stitch. Often a player will lie on the ground when he could quite easily hobble to the touch-line and go off for attention.... without holding up the game."

GAUZZLY UNFAIR
Mr Ellis makes these comments in his book "Refereeing Round the World", which is published in Britain this month by Hutchinson and Co. His opinions have raised howls of indignation from British soccer followers. And rightly so. Because, just for once, Mr Ellis is being grossly unfair.

Of course, it is true that there are some who try to waste time by feigning injury. But they are in the minority. The odd black sheep. As a general rule, our professional players take hard knocks in the right spirit. How often has a badly injured player limped back onto the field and "saved the day" for his side? That happens time and again. Remember the classic Bolton Blackpool Cup Final of 1937? Well, the Bolton full back, was injured. But he returned on the wing and headed his side's third goal. When it comes to guts, English players have got what it takes.

But Mr Ellis carried his argument a stage further. After referring to the "babyish antics", he goes on: "You never come across that sort of nonsense with the Continentals. They are much more temperamental than our players but they are also much tougher."

"They give hard knocks and take hard knocks, and there is no softness about them."

He tells why he decided to become a referee in 1931. "As a boy I was always keen on football. When I left school I joined a team but I found myself permanent reserve."

"Even when one of the team dropped out, someone else was found and I was still the reserve. The committee members were quite friendly about it. They told me bluntly that I was no good, so just to keep in the game, I took up refereeing."

During his thousands of miles of travel throughout Britain and the world, Referee Ellis, who served in the RAF during the war, has met most of the famous personalities of the game.

He has a great respect for Stanley Matthews, whom he watched training for the World Cup matches in South America in 1950. Says Ellis: "He always did a lot of training alone, not through any snobbishness or any lack of friendship, but because Matthews has his own secret method of reaching his fantastic peak of perfection."

"He was wonderful to watch, doing his thirty-yard sprints, his dribbling and his ball-control exercise. Here he was, probably the greatest artist with a football in the world, but training harder than ever, never stopping his practice for one minute."

DIET OF PRACTICE
The Matthews magic is not just luck. It is the result of a carefully planned training routine and a diet of practice, practice and still more practice."

Arthur Ellis had a second chance to look at the South American footballers in 1951 when he travelled with the touring Portsmouth club as English referee.

"Make no mistake about it, the South Americans are brilliant players," he declares. "They are fast and extremely skilful, but they should learn how to shoot. They would be accused of fiddling in this country, and they use the cross-field pass too much."

"But they know how to move into the open space and they will have nothing to do with the third-back system. Their centre-half moves up in attack, leaving the full backs to control the centre of the field in defence."

It is this same "third-back system," he maintains, which has "crippled" the English game by putting the accent on defence.

Fuelling no punches, he adds: "We are pushing the individual ball-player out of the game and burning him on the altar of speed and points.... I am convinced that a team with the courage to work out an attacking system and then use it in League games would reap its true reward."

(London Express Service).

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(London Express Service).

Denis Compton Says

I Still Bank On That Pace

Despite Pakistan's Test victory at the Oval I still believe the emphasis on a fast attack to be the right policy for the tour in Australia.

Test pitches in Australia will be covered completely throughout the match.

That means, unless the ground becomes submerged during a rain-storm so fierce that the water cannot get away and the covers are rendered useless, the games will be played on hard turf, usually a good deal faster than any found in England.

As a batsman I favour fast wickets for stroke-making, but bowlers of real pace prefer them as well and I am sure Frank Tyson, Brian Statham, and Peter Loader, especially the last two, are going to make the ball whip off the turf in Australia.

IDEALLY SUITED
The soft Oval pitch was ideally suited for a medium-pace bowler like Fazal Mahmood, who has command of the outswinger, inswinger, off-cutter and leg-cutter.

His accuracy of length and direction are remarkable enough in the ordinary way but, when the batsman finds the ball turning in either direction from the turf, like a fast off-break or leg-break, he must have considerable skill and a good deal of luck to keep his wicket intact.

A pitch in the same condition as that at the Oval is ideal for a medium-pace bowler who cuts the ball—that is, drags his fingers across the seam at the moment of delivery—as do Fazal, Mahmood and Alec Boddie, but of lesser use to anyone else.

For some reason the cutter not only grips the soft turf, but it skids on at what seems, but probably is not, increased pace.

(London Express Service).

**CHEAPEST-RUN
LEAGUE CLUB
IN BRITAIN**

Brochin City, who have got into the Scottish League "B" Division at the expense of Dumbarton, are the cheapest-run League club in the land.

Their total wage bill is only £40 a week and they have only twelve professional players.

The trainer gets 15s. a week, the groundsman 25s. and they have no manager.

Gatesmen get 3s a match, a local cuts the grass free and gets a season ticket given him and a committeeman honorarily does the job of secretary and treasurer.

Not one of their players trains in Brochin, who lost £15 every match last season and had it made up to them by their supporters' Club. Ground record is 5,000 for a Cup tie with Celtic.

No Touring Rugby Team In Britain This Season

The curtain rose on a new home Rugby Union season on September 1, but, as always with the amateur handling code, it will be some weeks before all clubs get down to it in real earnest.

By September 4 all the big guns in Wales, the West Country, the Midlands and Yorkshire will have joined in. Most Lancashire clubs take the field on the 11th, a week before the majority of the London sides—though Wasps, exceptionally, have a star-studded fixture with an international side selected by Mr W. P. C. Ramsay, on the 4th, and Blackheath and Metropolitan Police are making short tours in Devon and Cornwall.

Scottish clubs are late-comers as usual; they do not start until the last Saturday in September, and they also hang up their boots earlier than anybody else—at the end of March. London virtually closes down early in April, though several of the metropolitan sides then go on tour, but the rest of the country goes on playing until the end of April.

Many competent judges do not believe it does the game any good to start so early and go on for eight months. The grounds are usually too hard early in September—it may be an exception this year with the very wet summer we have had—and players either do not go full out, or risk serious injuries which may put them out of the big matches after Christmas.

Also, a good deal of stalemate appears in the last six weeks of the season. Cardiff, for instance, are scheduled to play 40 games, and many clubs in the West have over 40 on their fixture list.

This is to be a domestic season, without a Dominion invasion to put us on our mettle, but there will be a good deal of cross-Channel traffic, and it isn't limited to the English Channel only.

Cambridge University challenge the Racing Club de France, the Dark Blues meet the Stade Français, another leading Paris club, and the Combined Services will make their new customary trip to France to play two matches at the turn of the year.

Newport, Northampton and Worcester are all travelling to Southern Ireland early in October. The Welshmen meet Lansdowne (Dublin), and Dolphin (Cork), the Midlands look on Beddow Rangers and Cork Constitution, and the Lancashire club tackle the Dublin Wanderers.

The County Championship kicks off on October 9 and reaches the semi-final stage two months later, and France and Scotland open the International Championship season at Colombes stadium in Paris on January 8. France shared the honours with England and Wales last year, while Scotland have not won a game since 1951.

England go to Cardiff a week later, to Dublin on February 12, and entertain France and Scotland at Twickenham.

**LAWN BOWLS LEAGUE
STANDINGS**

FIRST DIVISION

	P	W	D	L	F	A	U	D	Pts.
Recrelo (Blues)	15	12	-	3	1,039	760	276	-	65½
KCC	14	10	-	4	913	722	191	-	47½
IRC	14	9	-	5	810	930	-	14	41
COC	13	8	-	5	752	702	-	10	36
KBGC	15	6	-	9	628	921	-	93	30
Recrelo (Whites)	14	6	-	8	797	908	-	111	27
PRC	15	3	-	12	792	975	-	183	23½
KCC	14	2	-	12	735	891	-	126	18½

SECOND DIVISION

	P	W	D	L	F	A	U	D	Pts.
IRC	13	9	-	4	1,067	915	172	-	50½
Recrelo	10	9	-	1	1,007	778	109	-	47
HKFC	10	9	-	1	1,007	913	94	-	47
KCC	10	9	-	1	1,026	915	111	-	46
Talkov	10	9	-	1	1,000	950	50	-	44½
COC	14	9	-	5	880	800	89	-	41½
USRC	16	0	-	16	802	805	-	64	35½
HKCC	17	7	-	10	947	1,047	-	100	33½
PRC	10	4	-	6	831	1,124	-	293	22
KBGC	15	4	-	11	778	943	-	165	21½

THIRD DIVISION

	P	W	D	L	F	A	U	D	Pts.
FC	12	10	-	2	893	618	235	-	49
IRC	11	9	-	2	740	577	163	-	42½
HKERC	13	8	-	5	834	777	117	-	38
KCC	12	7	-	5	717	687	107	-	34
PRC	13	4	-	9	719	730	-	17	22½
USRC	12	4	-	8	767	708	-	139	20½
HKFC	11	4	-	7	771	693	-	222	17½

SKIPS TABLES

FIRST DIVISION

	P	W	D	L	F	A	U	D	Pts.
T. E. Baker (KCC)	14	9	1	4	333	240	93	-	9½
R. F. Ribeiro (Rec)	15	9	1	5	330	208	62	-	9½
W. Hong Sling (KCC)	14	9	1	4	278	227	51	-	9½
J. S. Landolt (COC)	14	9	1	4	269	206	8	-	9½
J. N. Wong (KCC)	13	8	1	4	283	241	42	-	8½
J. F. da Luz (Rec)	11	8	-	3	265	173	83	-	8
(X) C. Roza Pereira (Rec)	14	8	-	6	305	245	60	-	8
A. M. Omar (IRC)	12	7	1	4	251	220	31	-	7½
E. Elliott (KCC)	11	7	-	4	228	209	19	-	7
A. E. Coates (COC)	13	7	-	6	244	242	2	-	7

SECOND DIVISION

	P	W	D	L	F	A	U	D	Pts.
A. A. dos Remedios (Rec)	10	12	-	4	357	261	96	-	12
M. J. Divecha (KCC)	10	12	-	4	355	263	92	-	12
B. L. Bickford (HKFC)	10	10	-	6	344	278	69	-	10½
D. L. Edwards (USRC)	10	9	-	6	284	205	80	-	9½
J. M. A. Rumjahn (IRC)	12	8	-	4	267	179	88	-	8
J. B. Baxter (TC)	10	8	-	6	244	171	73	-	8
W. Tay (COC)	10	8	-	6	231	160	71	-	8
J. H. Howard (KCC)	11	8	-	3	237	204	33	-	8
R. C. Butler (HKFC)	11	8	-	3	243	221	22	-	8
J. H. Kinniburgh (TC)	10	7	-	3	211	173	38	-	8
L. F. Cosgrove (USRC)	10	7	-	3	211	173	38	-	8
F. Marshall (HKCC)	17	1	-	16	251	162	89	-	7½
A. R. Razek (COC)	12	7	-	5	228	209	19	-	7½
S. L. Leonard (KCC)	12	7	-	5	228	209			

Here You See
The Difference

Why Not Get On Terms With The Bigger Ball?

Says BERNARD HUNT

The Americans reckon they have the edge on British golf because they are better round the greens. And they say that what gives them some of that extra precision when they are near the cup is the bigger ball they use.

A number of handicap players I know have also come to the conclusion that more matches are won round the green than anywhere else and they have fallen for the bigger ball idea. And, quite frankly, in the hope of an American journey next summer, I am playing the Yank-sized ball quite a lot myself.

I never like to be dogmatic about these things for I believe that a little bit of what you fancy does your golf more good, very often, than what might be "better for you".

In other words I think this bigger or smaller ball idea is a matter of individual preference. Generally, however, I am perfectly sure that handicap players would gain far more than they would lose if they got on terms with the bigger ball. It is easier to play.

I don't suggest that you will necessarily play a better-than-par round the first time you take one out. Like most things that are a little different—you have to get used to it and get confidence in it. I estimate that you have to play at least half a dozen rounds with the American ball before you can really judge its advantages fairly.

SITS UP BETTER

First of all—and it isn't easy—you have got to get the old English prejudice out of your mind that you lose enormous distance with the bigger ball. It is true that you lose a bit—maybe ten yards on a good drive, or 15 yards if you are hitting into the wind. But against that, you gain if you are down wind; you consistently get a better strike at the ball because it sits up better, and is definitely more easy to control in the pitch shot and in putting.

The main reason why the Americans prefer the larger circumference is that on so many of their courses their fairways are of blue buffalo grass. This has thick blades and our smaller ball nestles much too easily into it. The bigger ball sits very much better on top. That does not affect us here in England, I know, but the logic of it is important.

In other words the bigger ball sits up better in difficult or semi-difficult lies. It sits up better, too, on good lies. As most of us can hit ball better from a good lie than a poor one—why not take advantage of it? I am sure, for handicap players, that advantage outweighs any loss of length.

The theory behind the better "pitching" quality of the American ball is that the club-face makes greater contact with the bigger surface and makes the ball hold a better line. Also, when it drops, the bigger sphere "sits" more quickly. In effect you can pitch more firmly and closer to the pin.

TWO PUTTS A ROUND

At first glance that might not seem very important. But it is. For the very simple reason that it works. The same principle also works when it comes to putting. You feel there is more of the ball in contact with the blade of your putter—as indeed there is—and the direction seems easier to find.

For a ten handicap player the American professionals reckon the bigger ball is worth two

empty your bag of your normal style balls and make yourself play half a dozen full rounds with the bigger one.

If it can save you four to six shots a round, it will be worth the discipline. In case there are some people who are away behind the times—the American ball is legal for all competitions in this country. The ladies, just as much as the men, could do no harm to experiment with it.

The Silent Men Of The FA Confess At Last

By DESMOND HACKETT

The Football Association puts itself on the penitents' bench—well, almost—when talking world Soccer affairs in the latest edition of the informative "Football Association Bulletin."

It is as frank a confession as these silent men of Soccer have made since we crawled back from the World Cup series, but it is also only an echo of what has been said and resaid as England slumped out of the world master class.

The FA says: We may argue that the rest of the world has got things badly out of proportion but if we are to continue to compete with the highly skilled Hungarians, Brazilians, Uruguayans, and Germans, we must be much more serious in the selection and training of our teams.

Flashback, Daily Express comment (June 16, 1953): The FA annual meeting made no comment on the South American tour. Surely this was the time for a frank confession in the presence of Soccer bosses and managers that when it comes to sport we are a backward nation.

MORE COACHING

The Bulletin continues: Without exception the nations which feature strongly in international football are devoting much attention to (1) Training and coaching of their star players at club and international level. (2) Training assemblies and practice games for international teams to build up understanding and esprit de corps.

Flashback (December 15, 1953) after the Hungary 8—for Shock—Day at Wembley: The Football Association must bring up to date the way we prepare for international matches.

The FA: Young players given facilities and encouragement are prepared to work much harder to acquire a higher standard of skill than is at

present evident in a large proportion of our club games.

Flashback (March 6, 1953): Toughen the boys up. Shake 'em right out of their plush world of football played the easy way. Get out those old sweaters.

AND PRACTICE

FA: Recent experiments of special training or match practice before internationals is valuable.

Flashback (June 9, 1954): Seventeen days before the first World Cup match FA were told pick the team now, let them train together, send them off to Switzerland.

FA: Team selections would have to be carried out earlier than has been usual. Clubs should be asked to release players for, say, one day a week for special training.

Flashback (July 13, 1954): Pick the team to play Germany at Wembley on December 1 now... let them work as the rest of the world work at football.

FA: This is thinking out loud, but the general interest in putting England again on the international map is such that we feel confident that given goodwill we shall find a solution.

DESMOND HACKETT'S comment (August 20, 1954): I hereby pledge peace and goodwill towards the FA Pep Plan.

(London Express Service.)

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ALEC BEDSER COLUMN

FOR LEN HUTTON—A GESTURE OF ADMIRATION FROM THE WEST INDIES

There was a little ceremony in London during England's last Test with Pakistan which touched Len Hutton very much. He accepted a gold medal subscribed for and given by a group of West Indian students now living in London. It was a gesture of their admiration for Hutton's leadership of the MCC in the last tour of the West Indies—the tour which touched off some controversy.

Prime mover in this charming gesture was John M. H. Francis, a law student, and the son of the former West Indian bowler who is still remembered with much respect in England.

Hutton has received the highest honours cricket can give; he has rubbed shoulders with the greatest in all lands and in all walks of life. But here was a spontaneous gesture from students, mainly from Trinidad, with no other motive than respect and admiration for a cricketer. I know Hutton deeply appreciated the spirit behind the gift.

Who can suggest there is anything deeply wrong with cricket when such things happen? I still believe profoundly it can be the means of bringing us all closer together.

From Hutton to another famous English cricketer—Godfrey Evans, the dynamic little man behind the stumps. We in England think there is no wicketkeeper in the world to touch him when he is on form and fit; and now he has beaten Bert Oldfield's record of the most victims in Test matches.

Godfrey is far from finished yet, and by the time he does concede England's gauntlets, I imagine he will have a record which will be difficult to overtake. I owe much to Godfrey's unceasing anticipation and agility. I like my wicketkeeper to stand up to the wicket, and I realise, if the pitch is "doing anything," I am asking a lot.

Yet in our many Tests together I have not once heard Godfrey complain or admit he has been hurt when the ball thumps on his body hard and fast. Moreover he has a keen cricket brain and has often been quick to spot a batsman's weakness and make suggestions to me how to bowl him out.

ALMOST LOST TO BOXING Great as is his genius it is a fact he was nearly lost to cricket. A keen boxer—one can imagine the speed of his footwork—he met with some success in the ring and had to choose between boxing and cricket as a career.

Fortunately for cricket the little man from Kent found the call of cricket too strong. No situation is too much for Godfrey, and his unflagging enthusiasm in the field has often been a tonic to England teams, but his modesty always appeals to me.

I remember when he made 98 before lunch against India at Lord's in 1954. We were sympathising with him in the

dressing room at so narrowly missing a distinguished record. He laughed as he took off his pads and said: "Oh, no. Such records are for real batsmen, not clowns like me."

I do not regard Godfrey as a batting "clown" when I bowl against him in country matches, for he can punch an over-pitched ball through the covers with all the grace and power of a Hutton or a Worrell. He has made many important runs for England—and nearly always when they are needed badly.

Johnny Wardle, the Yorkshire left-hander, is another whom I would call a "deceptive" cricketer. Johnny is the idol of many crowds, for he does his best to raise a laugh, apart from being one of the biggest hitters in the game. Yet, for all his jesting and pranks he is concentrating hard all the time. If an opponent thinks he is going to win an advantage because Johnny is so light-hearted he is doomed to disappointment. Johnny knows exactly what he is doing.

THE ARCH-JESTER

"Patsy" Hendren was the arch-jester of them all. But again here was a shrewd man able to pull the legs of the opposition as well as the crowd. One of his favourite "dodges" was to misfield the ball.

Misfield? Well, the batsman trying to steal a run soon knew he had been the victim of an optical illusion when he found himself yards from home!

Patsy perfected his so-called "misfielding" to such an extent that it gained England and Middlesex many a valuable wicket.

Though, of course, I was not present at the fourth Test between England and Pakistan, I hear from the other players that Fazal Mahmood's bowling on a "sticky" pitch was as good as anything they had seen.

Apart from the skill of his attack he bowled unchanged at one end for 3 hours 25 minutes—the length of England's innings. All the England players were agreed Fazal's bowling was some of the best they had ever encountered, even bearing in mind the state of the wicket.

Fazal is a Police Superintendent in the Punjab, vice-captain of the team and brother-in-law to A.H. Kardar, the captain.

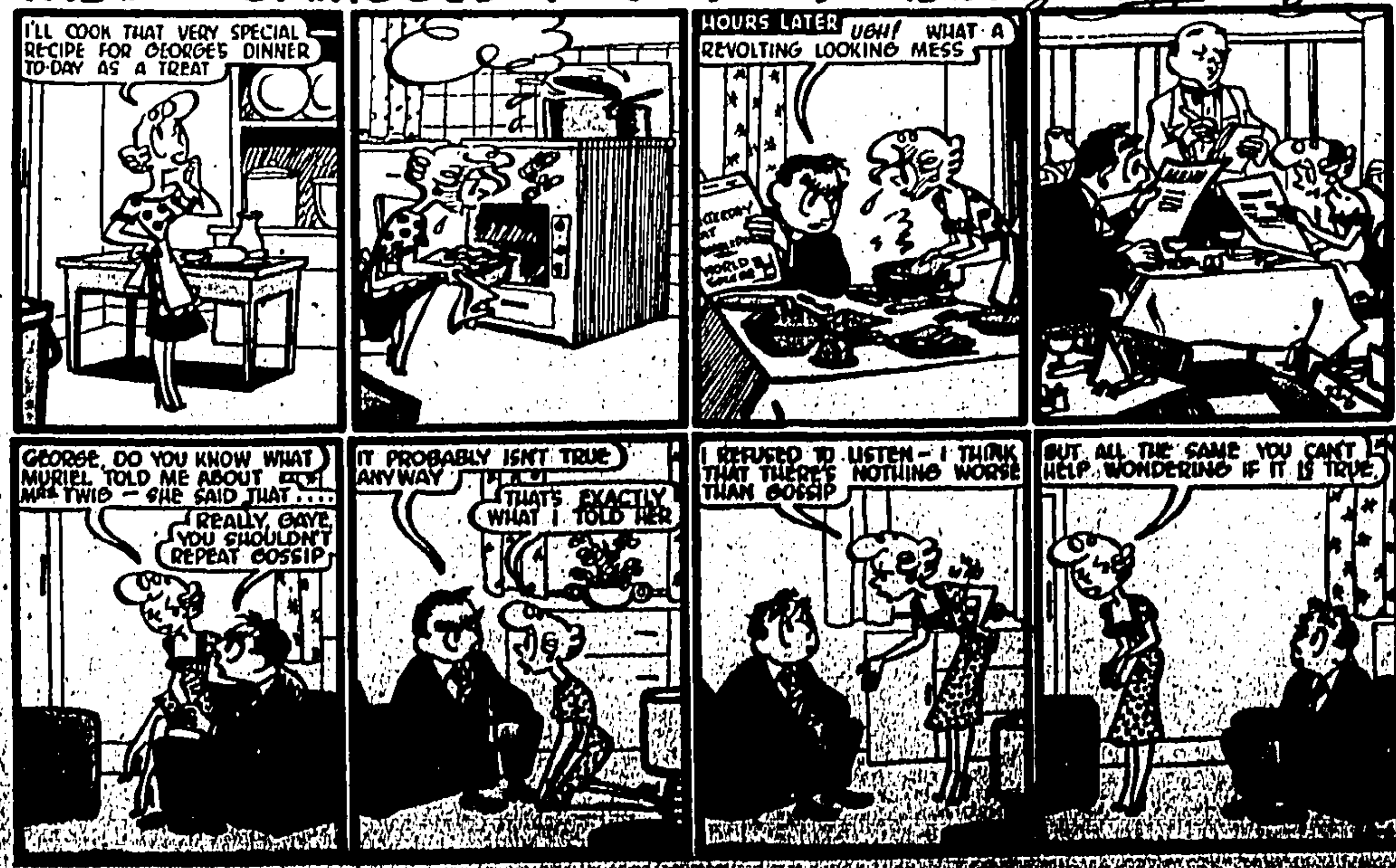
I am delighted to hear he has successfully resisted leaving Pakistan cricket for the English leagues. He has received, to my knowledge, several tempting offers.

Pakistan could ill afford to lose such a great bowler, and I trust he will remain with them and help to shape the future of the cricket of his country—as I am sure he will do so.

To my mind it is nothing short of a tragedy when a young cricketer country loses its best players. They are badly needed at home.

THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS

by Barry Appleby



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Not many players achieve the Board of Directors of the professional League club for whom they once played. Howard Spencer and Chris Buckley (Aston Villa), Tommy Gladden and Billy Bennett (West Ham), Alan Seymour (Newcastle United), Harold Hardman (Everton and Manchester United), Bob Crompton (Blackburn Rovers), Jack Sharp (Everton) did it, and the latest addition to the list is Gordon Fallick, former Barnsley player.

